The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. III--NO. 40. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1876. WHOLE NO. 144.

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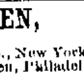
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WHILE THE ORIOLE SINGS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

There is a bird that comes and sings
In the Professor's garden trees;
Upon the English oak he swings
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From loss and absence laugh and leap
My schoolmates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge—a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun—
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Unto strange coasts, unknown or won

Only by daring more than mine
Of older boys that breast the tide;
Dimly their slim, white bodies shine
Far over from the other side:

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath—
But in the song the oriole sings
Lives a lost world that knew not death:

The world we somehow hope at last—
So the heart juggles with the brain—
We shall find somewhere, and the past
Forever make our own again.

MY STEPDAUGHTER.

"I suppose you have broken the matter to Eleanor?" I said to "my widower" only three weeks before we were to be married.

"I could not do it after all. We may as well surprise her, and it will be all over at once," said Mr. Eustace, stroking that handsome beard, which had been one of his great attractions to me.

"I verily believe you are afraid of your own daughter. Your long delay is a great injustice to her, and it makes me unhappy, yes, miserable."

"I am sorry but I rather like your scolding, Lizzie. I have always been used to silent, self-contained women, who would not move an eyelash if the heavens fell."

"Is Eleanor one of that sort?"

"Yes, the oldest girl in the world. I wish she had more nonsense about her."

"I have enough for two."

"I give thanks for it. You are
——'not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food.'"

"The compliment may be well meant, but it sounds doubtful. I shall never trouble you with perfection. Do you think our marriage will make Eleanor unhappy?"

"No—yes—I don't know," said Mr. Eustace on the rack with my perverse questions.

"How will Hugh like it?"

"Oh, he swears by Eleanor; he will take his cue from her."

"Then I shall make two wretched by going into your home."

"What is the use of talking about it? We love each other, and that's enough," said "my widower" crisply, in what I suspected would be his married tone. Mr. Eustace staid as late as any young lover, and I hoped most heartily that his daughter did not sit up for him.

I scolded him no more on that evening, but when he was gone I crept very silently to bed with a little sister, and did more hard thinking upon the case of Eleanor Eustace than I had ever spent on her father. I had a vision of the tall, pale, dignified girl (I had seen her once in church) suddenly dumbfounded by the sight of an actual stepmother.

It was not too late to renounce him for her sake, but could I do it? I was the eldest of five sisters, nearly grown up, and beginning palpably to crowd me out of the home-nest. Mr. Eustace was the captive of my bow and spear, the first and only one. We were a family of hearty, not to say boisterous manners, terribly prone to call a spade a spade. I was already twenty-eight; it would be a fearful ordeal to be the old maid of our sisterhood. And, after all, Mr. Eustace would be sure to go farther, and Eleanor might fare worse.

But at least I might have the grace to warn her of her fate. I rose up in the small hours and lit a candle, in fear and trembling, for I think this must have been the first deed done in secret in our house. I put pen to paper without waiting a moment, lest my courage, like Bob Acre's, should all ooze out of my fingers' ends:

"DEAR ELEANOR EUSTACE.—Your father is going to marry me three weeks from to-day. I feel that I must. I believe it will be almost as hard for me to enter your home as a second wife as it will be for you to receive me.
"Ever your friend,
"LIZZIE MORTON."

I posted this deed of darkness before daylight, and the second day the answer was handed in to the breakfast-table with other letters:

"MY DEAR MISS MORTON,—Your kind note of the 18th is received. Yours sincerely,
ELEANOR EUSTACE."

That was all. I had sent her a bit of my heart and she returned a stone. In my anger I tore the dainty little note into shreds, and cast them into the little fireplace. My little sister picked out the pieces and tried to put them together like a dissected map. She made out the name "Eustace" and announced it triumphantly.

"Did he want you to elope with him before your wedding clothes were done?" asked Haviland Morton, our naval cousin, who stayed with us between voyages. "I suppose you would sooner give him up than do that?"

"I should hope so," said mother severely, with an eye to the younger girls. "Secret marriages never turn out well."

"I am not so certain, saving your presence, auntie," said Haviland. "It seems to me that all girls marry for in these latter days is the fuss and new dresses. It would be a delightful thought to take to sea with me that my love and I belonged wholly to each other, and nobody knew it. I would not have so much as a pair of white gloves to distract our attention from the beauty and glory of the main fact."

We all made up a face at Haviland's absurdity, and I went to try on my new dresses.

I said no more to Mr. Eustace of his daughter, thinking all the more; and the wedding day came like all days, if you wait long enough. We were married at noon and Mr. Eustace drove me in his carriage the ten miles that lay between my old home and the new. As we approached the latter, he grew absent and restless. I knew by a fellow feeling that he was thinking of his daughter, but I would do nothing to relieve him; he deserved half an hour of misery.

Eleanor came to meet us as her father opened the door, a girl who might have sat for Tennyson's Isabel:

——The world hath not another
Of such a finished, chastened purity.

My first feeling, as I stepped across the threshhold were another woman had ruled before me was a meek one. If that woman had resembled her daughter, how could her husband find anything to admire in me?

"My darling Eleanor," said Mr. Eustace, and paused. It is amazing how affectionate people become when in distress.

"My dearest girl, this is——"

"Mrs. Eustace, I believe," said Eleanor, holding out her hand to me with a faint smile. "Shall you like to go to your room first?"

I followed her upstairs, leaving a dazed-looking husband in the hall below. In all the appointments of the room I saw the delicacy of Eleanor's taste. "You have been too good," I said, taking up a vase of tea roses to hide my embarrassment.

"Not at all. You will be my guest, you know, until you can guide the house for yourself."

"I will be anything if you will not look so resigned. You may scold me every day for marrying your father, if only you will like me a little at last."

I was in quite a little flush of emotion, but the ineffable calmness of her manner, as if she had reduced everything to its lowest terms and left not a superlative in the world, steadied me in a moment.

"I think I shall like you very well," she remarked as she left me. When Mr. Eustace came upstairs he was very happy.

"Don't you see, Lizzie," he said, "how much better it was to let the thing come to pass naturally than to have a scene with Eleanor beforehand? She had probably heard of the marriage from outside people."

"I suppose so," I said, allowing Mr. Eustace to plume himself on his delusion, since it amused me and did not hurt him.

Eleanor not only submitted to me, as to a necessary evil, but to the seven other spirits worse than myself, in the shape of my brothers and sisters, who overran the house like an inundation, carrying all before it.

It never entered their honest heads that they could be otherwise than heartily welcome.

They fraternized at once with Hugh and Eustace, and by dint of sheer good nature and stupidity they sometimes made a breach in Eleanor's reserve.

They dragged Haviland in their train at last, to see the oddest girl in the world.

"You will not like her," I said; "she is not at all your sort, but I will not have you tease her."

"How can you tell what is my sort? Because you are lately married you need not take it upon you to know all men by these presents."

"Eleanor is very silent. You must not expect her to talk to you."

"Does she never say 'Yes?' with an interrogation after it?"

"Never."

"Then take me to her quickly, lest I be snatched away before mine eyes have looked upon this miracle of women."

Haviland's manner was as perfectly subjugated by the yoke of Eleanor's serene quietness as I could desire.

When we "speered" at him for his opinion he professed to be disappointed; but he came every day with an excuse or without one and studied her with the eye of an artist. A faint little flush sometimes rose to her cheek when she met his gaze. He was with us one day when my sister Anne suddenly laid hands on Eleanor's hair, and with a dexterous turn or two laid it in loose waves about her head. It was always "Madonna-wise" before.

"You have no idea," said Anne, "how lovely you look when your hair is loosened up this way—more '*fluffy*,' you know. Isn't it so, Haviland?"

"Excuse me," said Eleanor, drawing herself gently but completely away from Anne. "It is a weakness of mine that I cannot endure to be handled in that way, except——"

"Except what?" said Anne, bewildered.

"Except by those whom I love very much."

"Would you not also make an exception in favor of those who love you very much?" asked Haviland in a low voice, regarding her intently. It seemed to me that everything stood still for an instant, even the hands of the clock. A burning blush spread over Eleanor's face.

"There is only my brother," she burst out with a sort of cry, and went quickly out of the room.

"I declare!" said sister Anne, looking after her with mouth open.

"O, Haviland, how could you! She will never forgive you," I said.

"I don't want to be forgiven," he said, lightly; but he went away quickly to the station, and did not come near us for three whole days. Eleanor repaired her fortifications and received him with the same dead calm of courtesy. He resumed his daily sittings with us, but he threw no more stones into the deep waters of Eleanor's nature.

Nothing could be more desirable than that these two should love each other. I longed to beg Eleanor only to look into his eyes, and see the interest written there, but the words were never spoken. I left them alone together whenever I dared, and forbade any of my tribe, on peril of banishment, to make the least approach to a joke on my match-making. I said a word or two of my hope to Mr. Eustace, but he was utterly skeptical. "Eleanor is too cold and calm to love any man, and too conscientious to marry without it. I should like to see the man who would be bold enough to kiss her. Walking up to the cannon's mouth would be nothing to it."

I wanted to see him, too; but as the days went on and Haviland's departure began to be talked of, I was forced to think that he was not to be that bold man.

Eleanor was very busy upon Hugh's outfit; he had been at the Naval School, and now had conspired with Haviland to sail in the same ship.

The Winona was under repairs at St. Bo's, and Mr. Eustace and Eleanor went there with Hugh, staying at the hotel for a week to buy the last things and say the last words.

Eleanor came home so wan and haggard that for many weeks there might as well have been a ghost in the house. It was very difficult to offer consolation, when none was asked or expected, but I could not altogether refrain.

"I had no idea you loved that boy so much," I said awkwardly.

"You are very good, but I'm afraid I cannot talk about it," was the discouraging reply.

"If you can love a brother so much, how you would worship a husband," I said, trembling at my own bravery in thus walking over her boundaries.

Eleanor actually laughed.

"Do you know," I went on, "I think Haviland was just ready to fall in love with you if you had given him the least crumb of encouragement."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, but one could see it with half an eye."

"You are very clear-sighted in such matters, perhaps."

"I have lived longer than you, Eleanor, and I know that a man cannot go all the way to a woman; she ought to make the least little step toward him."

"I could not do that," said Eleanor.

"Oh, I know it, and so you have let the best fellow on earth slip away from you!"

"'Nature made him and then broke the mould,'" said Eleanor with a smile.

"You did not know him as I did."

"I dare say I did not."

"But when he comes home again if he is in the same mind, will you try to like him?"

"Yes, I think I may safely promise that."

The tears came to my eyes in my earnestness, and all at once I found Eleanor crying too, like any other woman.

"My dear little stepmother," she said, "you have my father's worries and your own to bear; I will not trouble you to carry mine."

Then she left me, and I could not help thinking that she might love Haviland after all.

Eleanor came slowly out of her sorrow for Hugh's departure, and we settled into the quiet routine which seemed likely to last forever. The Winona was spoken at sea occasionally, and very thick letters came for Eleanor, of which she would read a page or two aloud and keep all the rest for her own hunger. Nearly two years went by, and we began to speak of Hugh's return. A sweet cheerfulness that I had never seen before in Eleanor seemed to crop out of her glad heart. I was very happy with my stepdaughter. There was not a cloud as big as a man's hand in our sky when Eleanor pointed out to me with trembling finger a line in the newspaper. Her eyes besought me to tell her that she had read it wrong. It was a telegram; the Winona had been struck in the night by an English steamer and sunk with all on board.

As she rose up and fled away with her grief like a wounded animal, the lines of her face were drawn and settled like those of a middle aged woman.

"How does Eleanor bear it?" was Mr. Eustace's first question, his own grief fading out beside hers.

"Come and see," I said, leading him into her room, where she lay, pale and quiet, and able to speak of her loss without tears.

I left them together, but it was useless to hope that they could comfort each other.

"She bears it better than I expected," said my husband, rejoining me after a very few minutes.

"If she would only rave and tear her hair, it would be a great relief to my mind, but this calmness is unnatural," I said.

"Not with her. She is not warm-hearted; she does not feel things as we do."

I did not contradict him. Where would have been the use? It struck me all at once that the first Mrs. Eustace, who was said to resemble her daughter, must have had a very lonely life of it.

The ill news was soon verified, but Eleanor believed from the first. She went about the house as she had always done, but loss of appetite and disturbed sleep gradually told upon her strength. She learned to hold her hand on her heart as she mounted the stairs. One little industry after another dropped from her weak hands, and without comment on my side or hers she soon lay every day and all day on a sofa.

She never called herself ill, and would lie for hours in silence, with a far-away look in her eyes as if she were gazing seaward. My face must have expressed a little of the yearning pity that overflowed my heart.

"Is it for me you are unhappy?" she asked doubtfully one day.

"Yes; I find I have not fortitude enough to bear other people's misfortunes."

"You may easily bear mine. "I have been very happy since I knew that my waiting would be short."

"You have had but a dull, lonely life, Eleanor. I cannot wonder at your indifference to it."

A sudden rosy brightness transfigured Eleanor's face, and for the moment she was more lovely than I can tell.

"You are wrong, believe me," she said. "I have had my share of happiness; no woman could have more. It was like some tropical bloom, long in coming and soon gone, but it was unutterably perfect."

I looked at her with wide eyes, and the drawbridge of her reserve fell instantly. She lay still for a long time, and I could hear the thud of her heart-beats.

When I was leaving her, she showed me a key on a chain that she always wore about her neck.

"Some time you will use this to unlock my desk," she said, "and find there what I cannot say to you now." Not many days after, she went out of life as calmly as she had passed through it.

In her desk was a large packet of letters, bound with a strip of paper. On this strip was written the precious secret which she could not part while she lived. "Bury me with these letters on my heart, and write over my head only this, 'Eleanor Eustace, beloved wife of Haviland Norton.'"

She had said on my wedding-day that she thought she might like me very well, and I have reason to believe she did so, never any less and never any more, while I grew to regard her with a passionate admiration.

For a long time after her death life, alone with my widower, was a very tame affair indeed.

THE RAIN.

A REQUIEM.

BY CHARLES STUART WELLES.

Drip! drip! drip!
Dreary rain!
Still, the slow drops slip
Down the window pane.

Dead! dead! dead!
Even hope!
O'er a lonely bed
Blooms a grassy slope,
And the ripe showers start
From the floods above—
So my tearful heart
Weeps its buried love.

Weep! weep! weep!
Weary tears!
So wan memories creep
Darkly down the years.

BRIBERY IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.—An English tourist, writing in the London *Queen*, (February 26) of his voyage to New York, thus describes his test of Custom House venality, which he considers an index of official morality throughout the country:—"My own experience was interesting, by reason of the reports that I had constantly heard of late of the strictness and impenetrable integrity of the Custom House officials. On signing your declaration on board ship a number is handed to you, which you in turn carry to the chief officer on the wharf. Behind him stand a line of examining officers, any one of which he selects to look over your baggage. I had already marked the man in this line whom I would least like assigned to me. As luck had it, this very man received my number, and walked off to where my pile of baggage stood. Of course I had a good many things which were dutible by the letter of the law, such as presents for ladies—which I had disposed of in the manner above described—unworn clothes, a new breech-loader, etc., about all of which an exacting officer might have troubled me to the extent of nearly fifty pounds. Imagine, then, my relief when the officer remarked with a wink that, 'If he could do me any good, I must appreciate it!' From that point my mind was at ease. Some of my things he didn't look at; others he merely had me unlock for 'appearance sake.' Upon my gun-case he chalked the magic mark at once; and at last, when he came to my bundle of rugs, he inserted his hand, shaking with [illegible] 'Now then, if you have anything to say, I guess you'd better say it *in here*.' My hand went in the other end, and, meeting his bony fingers left in them a couple of sovereigns, and the man departed from me and my baggage at once. I could not help thinking this a fitting introduction to a country where corruption pervades every stage of official life, right up to the Presidential chair."

A PALACE OF SILENCE.—Away up on the hill that overlooks Naples stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks that once inhabited the glorious palace—for it is nothing less—were men of noble birth and vast fortune. The church is now one of the most magnificent in Italy. Agate, jasper, lapiz-lazuli, amethyst, Egyptian granite and fossil-wood, together with marbles of every tint, are so blended in mosaics that line the whole edifice, and the carvings are so rich and graceful, that the interiors of some of the chapels seem like Eden bowers translixed by a miracle and frozen into stone, and in this spot lived a brotherhood who came from the first circles of society, and buried themselves in this gorgeous tomb, for it was little less.

The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived apart, ate apart, and met only for the unsocial hours of prayers, when each was wrapped in his own meditation, and no one uttered a syllable. Each one of the little closets or cells where they slept had a small window or closet communicating with one of the corridors, and in this closet was placed the frugal meal, which was then taken into the cell and eaten in solitude. Every quarter of an hour a bell struck to remind listeners that they were so much nearer their death. In the gardens the railings are ornamented with marble skulls, and the only sounds that used to disturb this solitude were the tread of sandaled feet, the rustle of long white robes, or the clang of the bell that told of their solemn lives, in brief moments, and yet might have seemed long to them. These monks, like most others in Italy, have been driven from their retreat, and all their treasures confiscated by Victor Emmanuel.

"Tears, idle tears," sings the poets, "I know not what they mean." But the scientist comes along and explains to him that his divine sadness is nothing but a case of deficiency in nervous nutrition. Grief is nervous exertion; joy is nervous exertion; despondency is nervous exertion; every thought is nervous exertion, and all this exertion wants maintaining and feeding. Whenever exhaustion appears, or so-called nervous disorders, it is nothing else but the consequence of want of nourishment. Grief makes a greater claim on the nervous centres than joy, and it is exceedingly wrong to avoid food in grief. Despondency is nothing but the result of incomplete nutrition of the nerves, which give way under outward pressure; it is only necessary to be judicious and give good nourishment to desponding persons, such as will invigorate and prove of tonic value, and the nervous system will return to its natural elasticity. Despondency exhausts the nervous system greatly, for all thought is action, and desponding thought wastes more force than joyous thought. Nervous diseases are the consequence of continued waste of nervous action and incomplete nutrition, and require nothing but judicious dietetic treatment. We have, at the outset of our movement, always maintained that all nervous disorders and so-called lunacy can be greatly affected by diet, and we maintain this now; healthy and judicious food moulds the character, and nourishes the brain.

Mrs. Jessup, of Mendocino, (Cal.) a young married woman, who lives at the Hildreth crossing of the Eel River, on the route between Ukiah and Round Valley, one day last month got adrift in a small boat which she had gotten for mere pastime. There were no oars in the boat and by the time she was pretty well out in the stream and apparently bound for a considerable voyage, Mrs. Jessup concluded something had to be done, so she took the rope attached to the bow of the boat in her mouth, slid or jumped into the river, swam ashore, going partially with the current and making a trip of forty yards or so, reached some willows or bushes first and then pulled through to land, towed the craft all the time and tied it safely, and then walked back to the house dripping wet and without anybody knowing anything of her excursion until she herself made her appearance and told her story.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, the American sculptor will be represented at the Philadelphia Centennial by an original group in marble—the largest she has ever undertaken—portraying the idea of "the African sibyl foreshadowing the freedom of her race." She will send also a copy of Lord Brownlow's gates, ten feet wide and seventeen feet high, containing seventy-one human figures.

MARRIAGE OF THE LITERATI.—Literary people are more liable to matrimonial difficulties than other classes, because they so rapidly exhaust one another. A literary man—who is obliged by his profession to advance in knowledge—will soon reach a higher plane than that occupied on the wedding-day. It is possible that such an instance may witness a separation of thought and culture, such as could never occur in the life of a farmer. Hence, the wife of a literateur may become merely a housekeeper instead of a companion. By the same rule we notice the impropriety of a woman of strictly literary taste marrying an illiterate man.

We have a number of female writers who have attained rank in the world of letters, and are married to men whose sole distinction is found in their wives. The latter increase in mental culture, while their husbands are engrossed with the cares of business. They have but little social importance, except as being the provider or occasional escort. The woman finds that her husband does not equal, and he soon ceases to be her real companion. Such a woman must pursue a solitary path, or find congenial society elsewhere.

Some years ago Mrs. Sigourney was a popular writer, but it was little known that she was the wife of a mere carpet dealer in Hartford. He was very proud of her talents, but all that such a man could do was to offer the tribute of his praise to his wife, and be content to assume the place of a weaker vessel. It has been questioned whether such unions can be formed advantageously, but I think that experience is in the affirmative. A united life of this character should be mutually educational.

Woman is generally a good scholar; while man, from the affected and assumed importance of the sex, often objects to receiving lessons from a wife. In this he commits a great mistake. Another error on the part of literary men (especially the clergy) is the expectation of conjugal praise for their performance. Clergymen are generally ravenous for flattery, and, as long as the wife administers it, her words are acceptable; but if she offers judicious censure, it is very unpalatable. A really sensible preacher, if he have a clear-headed wife, will find her criticisms very useful. It is said by Scott, the commentator, that he read his sermons to his wife before delivering them in the pulpit, and found her suggestions very valuable. Two working editors of this city are married to very clever writers, whose earnings are large.

The subject of literary marriages has been handled admirably by Phillip Gilbert Hamilton, in his volume of letters entitled "Intellectual Life." Dr. Johnson's remark may be quoted in negative. "A man," says he, "is, as a general thing, better pleased with his wife when she cooks a good dinner than when she speaks Greek." It is to be remembered however, that, in Johnson's day, everybody did not, as at present, live in boarding-houses.

ADVANTAGES OF ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.—The poet Coleridge—he who wrote the "Ancient Mariner"—used to tell the following capital story: "When my 'Lyrical Ballads' first came out, it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after they were published I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's, and sat beside 'many-toned Pinkerton,' as he was called from the number and variety of his writings. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we returned to the drawing-room, he led me to a recess, having taken a copy of the 'Lyrical Ballads' which lay on the table. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'have you read this thing?' 'I have looked into it.' 'Do you know the author?' asked he. 'Do you know the author?' echoed I, resolved not to be caught. 'No,' said Pinkerton; 'but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called "The Ancient Mariner." Don't you think it insufferable?' *Coleridge*—'Intolerable!' *Pinkerton*—'Detestable!' *Coleridge*—'Abominable!' *Pinkerton*—'Sir, you delight me! It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature! If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these "Lyrical Ballads," of which every one is talking, but more especially of this wretched "Ancient Mariner."' *Coleridge*—'Hush! Not a word more! Here comes our hostess. I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt.' *Pinkerton* (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper)—'I'll tell you what, sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a——' 'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'It's a bargain?' 'Most certainly!'"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.—The late James T. Brady used to say they were like the chestnut burr, full of sharp points and dangerous to handle. He used to relate an amusing scene that occurred in court where Gerard for the plaintiff and he for defendant. After the former counsel had finished the direct examination of an Irish witness by the name of Carthey, he handed him over to Brady for cross-examination, and as he had given very damaging testimony against his client, it was considered important to break down his testimony, so Brady addressed him abruptly by saying: "Well, 'O'Carthey,' where were you born, and how came you to be born there?" "Mr. O' Brady," replied Carthey with great nonchalance and unconcern, "I have left the O' off from my name." "So have I," quickly replied Brady. The witness instantly retaliated with: "What a pity you had not changed your manners instead of the name." The laugh was very general in the court, and participated in by the judge and jurors so much against Brady that he lost the opportunity of a reply. After order was restored, Brady said: "That will do," meaning that it was a good one. Carthey was pleased to construe the remark to meaning that the counsel was done with him. So he coolly stepped from the witness stand, and retired, amid a loud and boisterous laugh and general applause. Brady said that he was done with the witness, and refused to call him back.

The admirers of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh" will be interested in some particulars recently published in "Bygones" relating to the Salopian bride. The Hon. Henry Cecil, (afterward Earl of Exeter,) having been unhappy in his married life, obtained a divorce from his lady, and lived for a time *incognito* at Great Bolas, in Shropshire. Here he fell in love with the daughter of the farmer with whom he lodged, and in due time Sarah Hoggins became his wife. On the death of his uncle he succeeded to the title and estates, and revealed his rank in the manner narrated by the poet laureate. The consternation of the "gentility" of Great Bolas was great, for while he had lived there in disguise some of them had shunned him as an adventurer or disguised highwayman. On one occasion he sealed a note with the top of his pencil-case, and a curious antiquary identified the arms on it as those of the Cecil family. The bride of Burleigh's language had not (before marriage) "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere," for in the game of hide-and-seek, when her future husband covered with dust was dragged from his hiding place under a bed, she cried out, "Lord, ther! What a divil you bin." In narrating the recovery of a lost silver spoon she said, "At last we proken i' the tato hod, and theer we found it." These are probably only the amiable inventions of her former associates.

A CENTENNIAL ITEM.—Centennial item from a Philadelphia paper. A Centennial dog fight took place about half past four yesterday afternoon by the Centennial clock, on the Centennial grounds. Mr. Jones, one of the directors of the board of finance, was coming out of the Centennial offices, follow by his yellow dog, "Centennial," when the faithful animal was attacked by a ferocious bulldog, whose owner was notowner to anybody in the employ of the Centennial commission. The fight was long and bloody, and as it took place on one of the most frequented parts of the Centennial grounds, at an hour when most of the Centennial employees were quitting the Centennial offices, the result was the gathering of a crowd such as has not been seen in this Centennial city during this Centennial year. After a truly Centennial fight the dog "Centennial" whipped his antagonist, the result of the canine controversy being hailed with a rousing Centennial cheer by the residents of the Centennial city present, who had taken a deep interest in the Centennial event. Several members of the Centennial commission with whom our reporter conversed, drew from this apparently trivial incident bright auguries of the success of the Centennial enterprise.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Scribner's Monthly.

AT BEST.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man: in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

JANE AUSTEN.

A few years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to see where she is buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest verger is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, and Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her life-time she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor social intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equaled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her name.

It would scarcely be possible to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterward Madame D'Arblay, was at an early age petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Steward, in her self-constituted shrine at Litchfield, would have been miserable had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devoutly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Maria Edgeworth were far from courting publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her brother and sister in Hamstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favorite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Bronte's life was spent in a wild solitude, compared with which Steventon and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and women were invited purposely to meet her; Thackeray bestowed upon her the honor of his notice; and once, in Willis' Rooms, she had to walk shy and trembling through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the author of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents; and her works were a passport to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that it was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated, rather than for any actual [illegible] thus. In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name a secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the author of "Pride and Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences; that be himself, therefore, had thought it right to inform his Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying that he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to show her every possible attention. The invitation was of course accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forthcoming she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in press.

CHILDREN IN THE CAPITOL.—One of the most interesting phases of Congressional sight-seeing occurs when little children come in on the floor of the House to visit their dignified papas. Half-frightened and shy, the little mites are led by the door-keepers. They scarcely look up till the dear, familiar face is in sight. Then with a bound and a laugh, whose gladness is fully answered by the father's smile, the child nestles closely in papa's chair, as if it were a throne; and papa looks so proud of his darling that all the gentlemen about him catch the pleasure. There's Reagan, of Texas—a great, burly, ponderous fellow, looking as if nothing could ever move him. Smiles are so rare on that sober face that when they *do* come they don't seem at home one bit. But his little boy comes in, climbs all over him, and takes all sorts of liberties with books and papers. The grim face relaxes, the busy brain stops considering party problems, and the father plays with his child as if Congress were of no possible consequence. Once in a great while a little girl strays in, making a ray of brightness among the black coats on the floor. I don't believe children were ever half as pretty before as they are now; and when one of these darlings, in her picturesque dress, *does* appear, every man with any little ones at home claims a bit of the child's attention.

Lord Palmerston, we read in his biography by Evelyn Ashley, held it as an article of faith that a man ought to have four hours a day in the open air in order to be in perfect health. He insisted on always having eight hours' sleep, and was able to get it. It was his rule to take daily exercise on horseback. He persevered in his partridge shooting long after his eyesight was too bad to permit a correct aim. He rode down to Harrow and back in a heavy rain and before a heavy evening's work, timing himself to do the twelve miles in an hour. He had suffered great injuries from Lord Russell, who, to speak plainly, had treated him abominably on one occasion; but though sharp and caustic of speech, his mind did not know how to retain a sense of injury. On one occasion he had decided to name a certain clergyman to a vacant bishopric. A day or two afterward he wrote to Shaftesbury to say that since he had made up his mind for Dr. ——, he had received a letter from Lord Russell, with a request that a friend of his might be appointed to the see. "If," he continued, "Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show him that I have quite forgotten it."

A PLEASANT ACT OF COURTESY.—A very pleasant incident of St. Patrick's day in this city has attracted some attention. The managers of the procession were requested to suspend their music while passing the Hippodrome, where the Moody meetings were in progress. The request was courteously complied with; and for four blocks this Catholic procession marched without music, to avoid disturbing a Protestant revival service. It was purely an act of politeness, and our Hibernian neighbors are entitled to full credit.—*New York Methodist.*

The French town of Nerrac is about to be lighted with gas made from cork waste and cuttings. These are distilled in a close vessel of retort, and the gas obtained is said to be brighter and whiter than that of coal. The blue or non-luminous zone is smaller, and the gas itself has a greater density than that from ordinary coal.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

Ekonomy don't konsist in saving indiskriminately, but in saving judiciously.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.

Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles? Because when exposed to the fire they run.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upwards? An icicle.

Practical jokes don't go well out in Arizona. The man who came one over an editor out there the day, never came two.

"Peter," said a mother to her son, "are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No, ma'am; them sweetmeats is into me."

A Granger writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked?" Why, the same as short cows, of course.

A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man. "But," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

Twelve American lady doctors recently visited the hospitals and other sanitary establishments of Rome. They are regular University graduates on a European tour of inspection.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up—no, never!

New Mexico is to be admitted into the Union under the name of "Montezuma." A more appropriate name, considering the prevailing weakness of the inhabitants, would be Three-cardmontezuma."

Dr. Hall says that people sometimes take cold through their ears. This explains why a Milwaukee man always stuffs his ears up with horse blankets and buffalo robes in damp weather.—*Chicago Times.*

Prof. Tyndall is married, and when his wife kicks him out of bed he doesn't get mad, but looks upon it as a curious and interesting illustration of the conservation of energy and the effects of molecular motion.

"Are you a Christian?" asked one of Mr. Moody's assistants at an inquiry meeting of a hard-looking customer who had taken a front seat. "No," he answered, sadly, "I'm a plumber." It was a hopeless case.

A St. Louis girl, who was married on Wednesday last, made her husband give her, previous to the ceremony, a written promise that he would take her to Philadelphia and reside there with her during the Centennial.

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing machine under the heading "Every man his own wash-woman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water.

A bright little three-year-old in Hartford having become a little mixed between her religious instruction and her nursery rhymes, gravely recites, "The Lord is my shepherd, and he lost his sheep, and he don't know where to find 'em."

The Whitehall *Times* believes that it is better to be an uneducated man with brains than a highly-cultured fool, and maybe it is; but every uneducated man must not fancy merely because he is uneducated that he is the fellow with the brains.

A Trenton editor makes the statement, for the good of correspondents, that they need not commence their communications, "I take my pen in hand," as he don't care whether they write with their toes or with the pen in their mouth, so they send the news.

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches on Sunday the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," was the way a Yankee marriage notice should have wound up; but the compositor, who couldn't read manuscript very well, put in type, and horrified the happy couple by making it read, "May they always live on peas and hominy."

"Minnie has been to see me to-day," said a five-year-old mischief to her mother: "Indeed; well, I hope you behaved like little ladies." "So we did, mamma; we made mud pies, and waded in the brook, an'—an' then we played circus, and turned summersets on the bed."

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell writes a letter to *The Springfield Republican* commending Secretary Northrop's plan of encouraging tree-planting during the centennial year. He gives some useful directions, and expresses the hope that the idea will be acted upon not only in Connecticut but throughout New-England.

In an English Sunday School, the vicar's daughter, who was very proud of her Bible class, inquired of one of her pupils in a smock frock how the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon? He replied:—"By railway, Miss." On asking for an explanation she received the answer:—"Because, Miss, the Bible says she came to Jerusalem with a very great train."

THINGS IN GENERAL.—A lady in Halifax having to enter a milliner's shop, had her attention attracted by a beautiful French bonnet, and inquired the price. She was told it was sold. "Oh! I had no idea of buying such an expensive bonnet," said the lady; upon which the milliner said, "It is a joint stock bonnet—that is, it belongs to three factory girls, who wear it by turns on Sunday."

Here are presence of mind and remarkable courage nobly displayed. As English physician knew a lady who was sitting on a lawn with her three young children playing around her, when their came into the enclosure a rabid dog, pursued by men who were determined to kill him. Instead of screeching and wildly grasping her children, the lady rushed forward and seized the dog's head in the folds of her dress, holding him until relieved by the men, and so all escaped unhurt.

A timid young man, the other day, handed a well-known Paris restaurant keeper a volume of Horace, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "Please give the gentleman who will hand you this book a good lunch, and oblige yours, Paul F——." The restaurateur did as desired, and in the evening gave the book to its owner. "What a piece of luck," cried the latter, "I forgot the book at some café, and had long ago written the lines, in case I should ever lose it."

SERVANT—"I suppose, ma'am, I shall not have to wait at table?" Lady—"Oh, no! I want a housemaid." Servant—"I suppose, ma'am, I shall not have to make the beds?" Lady (surprised, but composedly)—"Certainly not?" Servant (thinking the place will suit)—"And I suppose, ma'am, I shall not be expected to answer the door?" Lady—"Of course not! The fact is I want a servant to look at, but I don't think you will do!"—*Punch.*

The other day a Detroiter who has a good record of army service took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction the shooter's small boy inquired, "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued, "Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.

The London *Standard* tells the following story: "A North Devon rector was much in want of a curate. He was also the master of a rattling pack of hounds; and his church-warden, Tozer, paying the market-town a visit, was thus accosted by his grocer: 'Well, Mr. Tozer, have you got a coorate yit for Bridgwell?' 'Not ylt; they don't all suit maister; but her's his advertisement, so I reckon he'll soon get one: "Wanted, a curate for Bridgwell; must be a gentleman of moderate and orthodox views."' 'Orthodox, Mr. Tozer. What doth he mean by orthodox?' 'Well,' said the church-warden, thoughtfully, and in deep perplexity, knowing the double nature of the curate's duties, secular as well as sacred, 'well I can't exactly say; but I reckon 'tis a man as can ride pretty well.'"

Miss Dickinson's new play is entitled "A Crown of Thorns," and she is to take in it the part of Anne Boleyn. She has been at work on this play since she retired from the lecture field last Winter. It is of course, like everything else she does, absolutely her own throughout, in conception and execution. There have been none of the consultations with actors and play-wrights, usual in the case of a new American play, none of the usual revisions and adaptations by managers. She has wisely preferred to go before the public solely with her own, and to stand or fall as it may merit. For that verdict readers will wait; but meantime it is of interest to know that Mr. Waller, Mr. Cheney's veteran stage manager, says it is without exception the best manuscript play he has ever had in his hands—that it was ready to be put upon the stage exactly as it was first handed him, without a single change, or the cutting of a single line. It is understood to be full of dramatic situations and to be peculiarly an acting play rather than one to be read.

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THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The opening of the Centennial Exhibition yesterday, was a grand and complete success. It exceeded the fond expectations of its warmest friends. The day opened with the elements seemingly against its being a propitious one, but about eight oclock the rain ceased, the clouds rolled away, and the clear blue firmament appeared, and gladdened the thousands and thousands of anxious hearts.

Between two and three hundred thousand people are said to have been in attendance. The appearance of such a mass of humanity, from almost every nationality in the world, was in itself one of the most remarkable sights that could be witnessed. The effect produced by this personal contact of the people of different countries brought about by International expositions, in cultivating the arts of peace, and exchanging their knowledge and acquirments one with another will go far towards making the nations live amicably together and banish "grim visaged war," as a relic of barbarism from the future history of the world.

The opening of the Exposition Ceremonies began at a quarter past ten with music by the Orchestra led by Theodore Thomas. The tunes in their order, were the national airs of the Argentine Republic, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and for the United States, "Hail Columbia." The Emperor of Brazil chanced to make his appearance on the platform just as the Orchestra was playing his Country's national air. He was vigorously cheered as he walked across the platform, and when he reached the rail he took off his hat, bowed and smiled. The playing lasted until 11 o'clock and during their performance distinguished guests, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy arrived upon the platform allotted to them, prominent among whom were the President and Mrs. Grant; the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, Secretaries Fish, Bristow Taft, Robeson, Chandler, Attorney General Pierrepont, Post Master Jewell, Chief Justice Waite and the Associate Justices; the Senators and members of the House of Representatives; with but few exceptions nearly the whole corps of diplomats with their Secretaries and attaches, Generals Sherman, Hancock, Sheridan, McDowell: the Governors of the states of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Michigan, New Jersey, Delaware and Maine were also present. A number of colored citizens were upon the platform, among whom was Fred Douglass, who was cheered upon his ascent to the platform. After the Presidential party became seated, the grand Centennial March composed by Richard Wagner, and for which $5,000 was paid, began. At its conclusion, the Rev. Matthew Simpson, D. D. Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, resident of Philadelphia, offered the following prayer.

Almighty and everlasting God, our Heavenly Father. Heaven is thy throne and the earth is thy footstool. Before thy majesty and holiness the angels veil their faces, and the spirits of the just made perfect bow in humble adoration. Thou art the creator of all things, the preserver of all that exist, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers. The minute and the vast, atoms and worlds, alike attest the ubiquity of thy presence and the omnipotence of thy sway.

Thou alone art the sovereign ruler of nations. Thou raiseth up one and casteth down another, and thou givest the kingdoms of the world to whomsoever thou wilt. The past with all its records is the unfolding of thy counsels and the realization of thy grand designs. We hail thee as our rightful ruler, the king eternal, immortal and invisible, the only true God, blessed forever more.

We come on this glad day, O thou God of our fathers, into these courts with thanksgiving, and into these gates with praise. We bless thee for thy wonderful goodness in the past, for the land which thou gavest to our fathers, a land veiled from the ages, from the ancient world, but revealed in the fullness of time to thy chosen people, whom thou didst lead by thy own right hand through the billows of the deep, a land of vast extent, of towering mountains and broad plains, of unnumbered products and of untold treasures.

We thank thee for the fathers of our country, men of mind and of might, who endured privations and sacrifices, who braved multiplied dangers rather than stifle their consciences, or be untrue to their God, men who laid on the broad foundations of truth and justice the grand structure of civil freedom.

We praise thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic, for the wisdom with which they planned, and the firmness and heroism, which, under thy blessing, led them to triumphant success. Thou wast their shield in hours of danger, their pillar of cloud by day, and, and their pillar of fire by night. May we, their sons, walk in their footsteps and imitate their virtues.

We thank thee for social and national prosperity and progress, for valuable discoveries and multiplied inventions, for labor-saving machinery relieving the toiling masses, for schools, free as the morning light for the millions of the rising generation, for books and periodicals scattered like leaves of autumn over the land, for art and science, for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, for a church unfettered by the trammels of state.

Bless, we pray thee, the President of the United States and his constitutional advisers, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Governors of our several Commonwealths, the officers of the Army and Navy, and all who are in official position throughout our land. Guide them, we pray thee, with counsels of wisdom, and may they ever rule in righteousness. We ask thy blessing to rest upon the President and members of the Centennial Commission, and upon those associated with them in the various departments, who have labored long and earnestly, amidst anxieties and difficulties for the success of this enterprise.

May thy special blessing, O thou God of all the nations of the earth, rest upon our National guests, our visitors from distant lands. We welcome them to our shores, and we rejoice in their presence among us, whether they represent thrones, or culture, or research, or whether they come to exhibit the triumphs of genius and art, in the development of industry and in the progress of civilization. Preserve thou them, we beseech thee, in health and safety, and in due time may they be welcomed by loved ones again to their native lands.

Let thy blessing rest richly on this Centennial Celebration. May the lives and health of all interested be precious in thy sight. Preside in its assemblies. Grant that this association in effort may bind more closely together every part of our great Republic, so that our Union may be perpetual and indissoluble. Let its influence draw the nations of earth into a happier unity. Hereafter, we pray thee, may all disputed questions be settled by arbitration, and not by the sword, and may wars forever cease among the sons of men.

May the new century be better than the past. More radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with the emanations of a world-wide sympathy. May capital, genius and labor be freed from all antagonism by the establishment and application of such principles of justice and equity as shall reconcile diversified interests and bind in imperishable bands all parts of society.

We pray thy benediction, especially on the women of America, who for the first time in the history of our race, takes so conspicuous a place in a national celebration. May the light of their intelligence, purity and enterprise shed its beams afar, until in distant lands, their sisters may realize the beauty and glory of Christian freedom and elevation. We beseech, thee Almighty Father, that our beloved Republic may be strengthened in every element of true greatness, until her mission is accomplished by presenting to the world an illustration of the happiness of a free people, with a free church, in a free state, under laws of their own enactment, and under rulers of their own selection, acknowledging supreme allegiance only to the King of kings and Lord of lords. And as thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw experimentally the electric spark from heaven, which has since girdled the globe in its celestial whispers of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," so to latest time may the mission of America, under divine inspiration be one of affection, brotherhood and love for all our race. And may the coming centuries be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization.

And unto thee, our Father, through Him whose life is the light of men, will we ascribe glory and praise, now and forever. Amen.

At the conclusion of the prayer, which was uttered in a clear and distinct voice, the immense chorus rose and sang with magnificent effect

WHITTIER'S HYMN.

The music of this hymn was written by John K. Paine, Professor of music in Harvard University. The hymn is as follows:

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

Hearty cheering followed the singing, to which close attention had been given.

PRESENTATION SPEECH BY JOHN WELSH.

Mr. John Welsh, President of the Centennial Board of Finance, then, at about half-past 11 o'clock A. M., presented the building to the United States Centennial Commission. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION: In the presence of the Government of the United States, and of the several distinguished bodies by whom we are surrounded, and in behalf of the Centennial Board of Finance, I greet you.

In readiness at the appointed time, I have the honor to announce to you that, under your supervision and in accordance with the plans fixed and established by you, we have erected the buildings belonging to us, and have made all the arrangements devolving on us necessary for the opening of the "International Exhibition." We hereby now formally appropriate them for their intended occupation; and we hold ourselves ready to make all further arrangements that may be needed for carrying into full and complete effect all the requirements of the acts of Congress relating to the Exhibition.

For a like purpose, we also appropriate the buildings belonging to the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, erected by us at their bidding, to wit: Memorial Hall, Machinery Hall, and Horticultural Hall. These and other substantial offerings stand as the evidence of their patriotic co-operation. To the United States of America, through Congress, we are indebted for the aid which crowned our success.

In addition to those to which I have just referred, there are other beautiful and convenient edifices, which have been erected by the representatives of foreign nations, by State authority, and by individuals, which are also devoted to the purposes of the Exhibition.

Ladies and gentlemen: If in the past we have met with disappointments, difficulties and trials, they have been overcome by a consciousness that no sacrifice can be too great which is made to honor the memories of those who brought our nation into being. This commemoration of the events of 1776 excites our present gratitude. The assemblage here today of so many foreign representatives uniting with us in this reverential tribute is our reward.

We congratulate you on the occurrence of this day. Many of the nations have gathered here in peaceful competition. Each may profit by the association. This Exhibition is but a school; the more thoroughly its lessons are learned, the greater will be the gain, and, when it shall have closed, if by that study the nations engaged in it shall have learned respect for each other, then it may be hoped that veneration for Him who rules on high will become universal, and the angels song once more be heard—

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good will towards men."

To which General Hawley responded, "The Centennial Commission accepts with greatful thanks, the trusts imposed."

THE CANTATA.

At 11:35 the following Cantata, the words by Mr. Sidney Lanier, of Georgia, and the music by Mr. Dudley Buck, was rendered with very great effect.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years:
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting-place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell dear England* sighing,
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—

Error, Terror, Rage and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

Hark!
Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial.
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now praise to man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

O Music, from this height of time my Word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's heart behold:
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

The two verses preceding the last were sung as a solo by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, whose powerful bass voice could be distinctly heard and the words understood in every part of the immense assembly. He was applauded until the necessity of a repetition was apparent, and he acknowledged the compliment by repeating the [illegible] gave the rest of the cantata effectively.

GENERAL HAWLEY'S ADDRESS.

General Hawley, presenting the Exhibition to the United States, said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—Five years ago, the Government of the United States declared it fitting that "the completion of the first century of our national existence should be commemorated by an exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of its progress in those arts which benefit mankind," and ordered that an exhibition of American and foreign arts, products and manufactures should be held, under the auspices of the Government of the United States, in the City of Philadelphia, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six. To put into effect the several laws relating to the Exhibition, the United States Centennial Commission was constituted, composed of two Commissioners from each State and Territory, nominated by their respective Governors, and appointed by the President. The Congress also created our auxiliary and associate corporation, the Centennial Board of Finance, whose unexpectedly heavy burdens have been nobly borne. A remarkable and prolonged disturbance of the finances and industries of the country has greatly magnified the task; but we hope for a favorable judgment of the degree of success attained. July 4, 1873, this ground was dedicated to its present uses. Twenty-one months ago this Memorial Hall was begun. All the other one hundred and eighty buildings within the enclosure have been erected within twelve months. All the buildings embraced in the plans of the Commission itself are finished. The demands of applicants exceeded the space, and strenuous efforts have been made to get every exhibit ready in time.

By general consent the Exhibition is appropriately held in the City of Brotherly Love. Yonder, almost within your view, Mr. President, stands the venerated edifice wherein occurred the event this work is designed to commemorate, and the hall in which the first Continental Congress assembled. Within the present limits of this great park were the homes of eminent patriots of that era, where Washington and his associates received generous hospitality and able counsel. You have observed the surpassing beauty of the situation placed at our disposal. In harmony with all this fitness is the liberal support given the enterprise by the state, the city, and the people, individually.

In the name of the United States, you extended a respectful and cordial invitation to the governments of other nations to be represented and to participate in this Exhibition. You know the very acceptable terms in which they responded from even the most distant regions. Their commissioners are here, and you will soon see with what energy and brilliancy they have entered upon this friendly competition in the arts of peace.

It has been the fervent hope of the Commission that, during this festival year, the people from all States and sections, of all creeds and churches, all parties and classes, burying all resentments, would come up together to this birthplace of our liberties, to study the evidence of our resources; to measure the progress of an hundred years; and to examine to our profit the wonderful products of other lands; but especially to join hands in perfect fraternity and promise to God of our fathers that the new century shall surpass the old in the true glories of civilization. And furthermore, that from the association here of welcome visitors from all nations, there may result not alone great benefits to invention, manufactures, agriculture, trade and commerce, but also stronger international friendships and more lasting peace.

Thus reporting to you, Mr. President, under the laws of the government and the usage of similar occasions, in the name of the United States Centennial Commission, I present to your view the International Exhibition of 1876.

General Hawley spoke very distinctly and made himself heard to a considerable distance.

GENERAL GRANT'S ADDRESS,

coming as it did after the distinct articulation of General Hawley, made him appear at a great disadvantage. He read his speech from manuscript in a low undertone, which could be heard but a few feet from him. A tumult in a distant part of the multitude made so loud a noise that General Hawley moved his arms about as a request for order. The following is the President's speech:

MY COUNTRYMEN: It has been thought appropriate, upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia, for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce.

That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellences and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow members of this great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded; for so doing we render them our hearty thanks.

The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the Managers of this Exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.

One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc., etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries and asylums have been established within an hundred years. Burthened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this Exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine and theology; in science, literature, philosophy and the fine arts. Whilst proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found.

And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them.

I declare the International Exhibition now open.

The President having finished his speech, at a signal from General Hawley the American Flag was unfurled from the Main building, the Hallelujah chorus was rendered, a salute of 100 guns was fired from George's Hill, and chimes in different parts of the grounds were rung. During the performance of the chimes the Foreign Commissioners passed from the platform into the Main Building and took places in the general aisle before their respective departments; after which, President Grant, accompanied by Director-general Goshorn, followed by the guests of the day, also passed into the Main Building, and thence to Machinery Hall and from there to the Judge's quarters, where a reception by the President was held. The procession, headed by the President, after passing through the Main Exhibition Building, passed to the Machinery Hall, where the President, assisted by Dom Pedro, at 1:22 p. m., put in motion the great engine, thus starting all the machinery in that building.

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1876.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Rubenstein, the murderer, died in his cell in Raymond street jail, this morning, but whether from natural causes or at his own hands, no one knows. The probability is, however, that he took his own life. The Hebrews boast that no one of their creed was ever hanged, (barring the scripture hero that adorned the particularly lofty scaffold,) and it is a cardinal principle with them to keep up the reputation of the Twelve Tribes. When a Jew commits a murder and is convicted (and his conviction is no easy matter) a pressure is brought to bear upon him at once by his co-religionists to make him renounce the faith of his fathers and join one of the Protestant denominations, in which hanging is looked upon as one of the ordinary casualties of life. Emil Lowenstein who was hanged in Albany, two years ago joined the Presbyterians before his execution; a Jersey murderer of the Hebrew faith became a Catholic, and only lately a Jew in the far West became an Episcopalian, and swung from the gallows in all the sanctity of modern Christianity. But in every one of these cases, as far as I can learn, the adoption of a strange faith at the last moment, was a sacrifice on the part of the condemned man, who hoped thus to save the people of Israel from disgrace.

THE PRESS CLUB RECEPTION

last night was one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable social events of the season. The boys rather expected Dom Pedro, but that mighty monarch and prince of good fellows was busy in Washington—being bored by Secretary "Feesh" likely—and could not get on. But Offenbach was there, jabbering in voluble French to all who would listen, and some of the most noted men in journalism and in law hobnobbed with the men whose pens have made them famous. They begin at this late day to appreciate the fact that the working journalists of New York are worth cultivating. Hitherto their associations have been with managing editors, and dramatic critics. Now, they have struck the bed rock of the profession, and they will find that they are none the worse off for knowing the Press Club boys.

SHORT OF CURRENCY.

The issue of silver for currency, upon which many persons felicitated themselves, has proved to be a curse rather than a blessing to New York. Currency is very scarce, and the silver which it redeems seems to be flowing steadily out of the country. It pays to export silver coin to Europe, while at the same time holders of currency can make a clear profit of two per cent. I don't want any more silver. I got the mania for jingling pocket pieces last week, and laid in about three dollars worth of halves and quarters. Now the coins are gone, and there's a hole in my trowser's pocket big enough to pass a small circus through. Give me plenty of the despised rags and I shall not complain. It never wears holes in my pockets, and for all I can see is just as easy to spend as silver is.

SUMMER WEATHER.

Yesterday and a part of to-day we have had regular summer weather, but this evening the rain is pouring down in torrents and the air is bleak and chill. Old Probabilities didn't have this rain down in his books, and so scores of people went out without umbrellas to-day and got drenched.

SANS NOM.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—The Queen of England and her daughter send specimens of their handiwork in embroidery and water colors, and the articles are now en route in one of the steamers of the American line by which nearly all the English exhibits have come.

—A memorial lamp, paid for by contributions from California, will be erected on the grounds at a cost of $5,000. The pedestal will represent one of the "big trees" of the State with gold quartz piled about the base. It will be very handsome.

—The *Ledger* contradicts the report regarding the exorbitant increase of charges at the city hotels. It appears that five dollars will be the standard price everywhere. A couple of dollars less would be much more acceptable to the general public in these dull times.

—The band of the Thirty-eighth German Infantry, of Berlin, is expected to arrive in a few days. It will be remembered that this celebrated organization took the prize at the Paris Exposition. The leader has written to say he intends to play Gilmore completely around the corner. Bah!

—Mr. Levi Koder has received the contract for the erection of a music stand on Lansdowne Ravine, where the ground is formed something like an amphitheatre, and from which 10,000 persons may, at one time, listen to the music. The stand will be octagonal in form and fifty feet in diameter.

—Relics continue to pour in by the ton. The last interesting article to arrive is a chair in which which a maiden aunt of George Washington used to sit when she expected the postman to bring her a letter from him. It has been for many years in possession of the Boydstown Historical Society.

—There will be plenty of music on the grounds from early morning until late at night. Nearly every foreign nation sends a representative military band, and Gilmore will do the martial music for America, and the bald-headed eagle Thomas will see what he can do to take the wind out of Wagner's sails.

—A plow made on Daniel Webster's farm is among the articles to be sent to the Centennial by the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture. The plow was made under Mr. Webster's supervision, and, it is said, part of it by himself. It was made to plow scrub oak land, and Peter Harvey, of Boston, says he has seen Mr. Webster and a half dozen farmers holding the plow, drawn by six bairs of oxen. The plow was a success and the largest one in the country.

—Virginia will contribute some interesting historical portraits to the Centennial. Mr. William Wirt Henry will send a portrait of his grandfather, Patrick Henry, and the Historical Society will send portraits of Pocahontas, Lafayette, Gov. Percy, who succeeded John Smith, and others. Efforts have been made to obtain from the State Library the portraits of Governor and Lady Spotswood and the parole which Cornwallis gave at his surrender, but as there is a question of law in the matter, it is doubtful if it will succeed.

—We read with pleasure in the report of Dr. Pepper, Medical Director of the International Exposition, that preparations have been made to insure the highest degree of healthfulness during the Exhibition season. Circulars announcing the sanitary condition of Philadelphia are from time to time to be issued. The health of the city at present is reported to be unusually good. Within the Exhibition Grounds a rigid sanitary inspection will be maintained, so that no cause of infection will be allowed to occur through neglect.

—The Woman's Executive Committee propose to publish, on the opening of the Centennial Exposition, *The New Century*, a weekly paper, to be devoted to the industrial interests of women. In the prospectus the Committee says: "All departments of woman's work, as represented in the Exposition, or as noted in correspondence from abroad and at home, will come under consideration. All means for advancing the prosperity and extending the opportunities of women-workers are open for suggestion and discussion in our columns. Attention will be especially given to the new departments in trades and handicrafts, in artistic work, in education, in the scientific and learned professions upon which women are entering; and correspondence is requested from women in such vocations. The results of experience in new and previously unworked fields, and the statement of pecuniary profits derived therefrom, will be of positive value to other workers, and are respectfully solicited." The office of the new paper will be in the Woman's department Centennial buildings, Philadelphia.

—The motion for a new trial in the case of Piper, the Boston murderer, was withdrawn last Monday, by his counsel, Piper having made a confession. He acknowledges that he murdered Mabel Young, and also says that he murdered Bridget Landregan in December, 1873. He also attempted to kill Mary Tyner, in July, 1874, but she recovered, and is now in a lunatic asylum. He says he was frenzied by the use of stimulants, which inspired him with a insane desire to shed blood.

[Correspondence of Bucks County Gazette.]

THE STATE CAPITOL.

Harrisburg, May 6, 1876.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The much abused and little appreciated; the notorious, yet after all partly fair—good as the average at least—legislature of 1875-1876, has at last given up the ghost. It died with the stroke of noon yesterday, and "boom! boom!" the same words into which its infant wail shaped itself, were wafted forth with its dying breath.

The body which adjourned *sine die* yesterday, the first legislature working under the new constitution of the State, was an experiment, and as such was subjected to keener scrutiny and harsher criticism than any of its predecessors. The work marked out for it was of the most difficult kind, and a close observer free from partisan prejudice will scarcely fail to see that this work was performed as well as concomitant circumstances would admit. Many vexatious measures were introduced, stirring up strife and contention, which attracted public attention more than usual to the inside working of the legislature, most noted among which was the far-famed "boom bill."

To recount faithfully and detail the marches and countermarches, flank movements and varied manœuvres of the advocates and opponents of this measure would fill a volume, which to the careful reader would prove a strange record of legislative action, at once anomalous, ridiculous and grave. During the early weeks of the session we find the house wearied with continued vexatious controversy on the bill. Twin lobbies working ardently for and against its passage to the detriment of other and more important business, until its final passage was an established fact.

A sigh of relief followed in the wake of its departure, when a playful member to crown a spree, explodes a mine by the introduction of a resolution of investigation which led to the expulsion of two members of the House, and to the beclouding of the reputations of others, endangering the fate of the bill, which was saved only by a dread fear falling on the majority of the Senate that if they refused to sign the bill and send it to the governor, and seconded the action of the house investigating committee, that the lightning engendered in such a storm might strike many towering forms among them.

The closing scenes yesterday were of the usual interesting character, varied by the presentation of a message from the Governor vetoing sections in the appropriation bill for payment of expenses to Morganza treasury and Philadelphia House of Refuge investigating committees, on the constitutional ground that the expenses were incurred without previous authority of law.

The following testimonials were given:

Speaker Patterson, a handsome gold watch and chain, from his friends. Presented by Mr. Spang.

George D. Herbert, reading clerk, a silver service from his Democratic friends. Presented by Mr. Faunce. A gold headed cane, from his Republican friends. Presented by Mr. Morgan, of Lawrence.

From the pages of the House to Major M'Conkey, resident clerk, a silver berry dish. Presented by Mr. Plummer.

From the pages of the House to Adam Woolever, chief clerk, combined card receiver and flower stand. Presented by Mr. Plummer.

From the Speaker of the House to the same, a handsome gold headed cane. Presented by Mr. Mitchell.

Senator Davis, president pro tem. of the Senate received a costly gold watch from the members of the Senate and Chief Clerk Errett a silver berry dish from the Senate librarian.

Lieutenant Governor Latta was presented yesterday at the capitol with an elegant and costly silver tea set, consisting of nine pieces, and an ice pitcher, salver, slop bowl, goblet, cake basket, baking dish and pickle jar, as a token of the esteem in which the members of the Senate hold him as presiding officer of that body.

The work of both houses this session comprise one hundred and seventy-two bills, of these seventy up to the present time have been signed by the governor.

The following statement shows the appropriations made by separate bill for the various benevolent and special purposes indicated:

House of refuge, Philadelphia	$42,000
Eastern penitentiary	50,175
Western penitentiary	30,500
Dixmont hospital for the insane	89,500
Harrisburg hospital for the insane	35,000
Danville hospital for the insane	96,000
Warren hospital for the insane	150,000
Philadelphia blind asylum	45,000
Western Pennsylvania institute for deaf and dumb	16,000
Pennsylvania institute for deaf and dumb, (buildings)	109,000
Indigent deaf and dumb, 1875	62,000
Indigent deaf and dumb, 1876	85,000
Western prison association	2,000
Eastern prison association	3,000
Board of public charities	8,500
Lackawanna hospital, Scranton	10,000
Media training school	33,000
Wilkesbarre hospital	25,000
Industrial home for blind women, Philadelphia	2,000
Working home for blind women, Philadelphia	5,000
[illegible]	25,000
Southeastern insane hospital	27,000
Criminal insane hospital at Erie	10,000
Reform school, Morganza	128,500
Soldiers' orphans schools	389,000
State normal schools, 1875	75,000
State normal schools, 1876	50,000
Bloomsburg state normal school	30,000
National Guards, suppressing riots	110,000
State board centennial managers	40,000
Educational display at the Centennial	15,000
Military display at Centennial	55,0 0
Fish commissioners	15,000
St. Vincent's college, soldiers' orphans	1,000
State boundary lines and monuments	4,000
Improvements to state arsenal	5,000
Additional to geological survey	16,000
Inauguration of the governor	4,257
Supreme court room, Harrisburg	6,000
Printing transactions State agricultural survey	1,200
Northern home, Philadelphia	10,100

The following amounts are to be paid during the current fiscal year under laws of former years.

Memorial hall	$850,000
Military expenses, per act of April 15, 1873	100,000
Pensions and gratuities	35,000
Coal mine inspectors	26,000
Geological survey	35,000
New addition to land office	15,000
Premium on gold for payment of interest	25,000

The general appropriation bill appropriates $1,160,000 for the legislative, executive and judicial departments; $1,000,000 for common schools; $296,175 for state prisons and reformatories; $438,500 for insane hospitals and the training school at Media; $150,000 for normal schools; $311,000 for the deaf, dumb and blind; $78,000 for private charities; $110,000 for the Centennial, exclusive of $250,000 the last instalment of the million for the memorial building which is to be paid this year; and $380,000 for soldiers' orphans' school. The total amount appropriated this year for educational purposes amounts to $1,550,000 which is doing pretty well for the old Keystone State.

N.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THOMAS PAINE.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I used to think Paine an arrant knave, fit only to associate with the dregs of society; but when B's. first article appeared I resolved to read whatever I could in reference to him. I did so: and I was forced to the conclusion that Paine has been bitterly persecuted by those who know nothing about him, but who take the hearsay of persons who had previously maligned him.

If I have not proved in my two former articles that B. has been mistaken in his estimate of Paine's character, it is because I did not bring the facts forward strong enough, and not because Paine was the man B. tried to make him out. People generally take hearsay without going to the bottom; and it has been the case with Bishop McIlvaine, in regard to the charge of seduction. That he honestly put it in his book I do not doubt, but he did not search far enough, or he would have found that "Cheetham, for this offence, after a long and rigid investigation, was mulct in the sum of 100 pounds, and obliged to expunge the obnoxious passage from his book." [Introduction to the Theological Works of Thomas Paine.]

The excerpt from the journal of Stephen Grellet says nothing about Paine becoming incapable from intemperance; and as to his renouncing his faith, which that article says he did, Grant Thorburn, whose integrity B. believes unquestionable, says Paine died in the belief he lived in.

Paine was a deist; he believed in a God, in an hereafter; and if his intemperance got the better of him at the last, we ought to pity him, not drag him down deeper and deeper, and load him with crimes he never did, and never could have committed. We Americans boast so much about the separation of Church and State, yet here when it is proposed to honor a man for services in the light of which many deeds which we exalt so high, grow pale, church people step in and say, "Tom Paine was an infidel, and we can't allow it." As if honoring him in connection with other patriots of that era would dishonor them, when Washington, Rush, Lee, and other Revolutionary heroes bear witness to the eminent services of Paine. If anyone wishes to read a just estimate of Paine, let him (or her) read the article called "A Plea for a Patriot," in the *Galaxy* for May. It does not in the least overestimate him, and the facts to the best of my ability I believe are true.

A. E.

—Commodore Vanderbilt is said to be improving.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 53,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street. (South Side), Philadelphia. 977

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FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
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OLD FURNITURE
NEATLY REPAIRED,
RE-UPHOLSTERED AND VARNISHED.
CHAIR AND SPRING MATTRESSES
MADE TO ORDER. 112

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Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Main and Sellers Streets, Frankford, Pa.
AGENTS for Siddall's Cold and Hot Water Soaps, Flour, Feed, Grain and Salt of all kinds, constantly on hand. 237

TURNER & PEARSON,
NEW AND CHEAP
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
For Ladies' and Gentlemen,
607 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
FIRST DOOR BELOW THE THEATRE. 70

A. B. CONGDON & CO.,
No. 4525 and 4527 Lackawanna Street, Frankford,
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GAS FIXTURES, CHANDELIERS, COAL OIL FIXTURES,
BRONZES, &c. Also manufacturers of the CRYSTAL LIGHT SAFETY LAMP. Old fixtures refinished equal to new at moderate prices. 267

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House Furnishing Goods in general. PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING, Jobbing promptly attended to. CUCUMBER PUMPS
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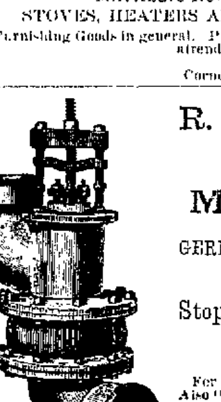
252 Corner Lackawanna Street, near Railroad Station, FRANKFORD.



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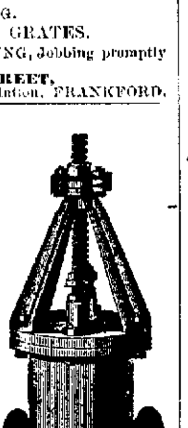

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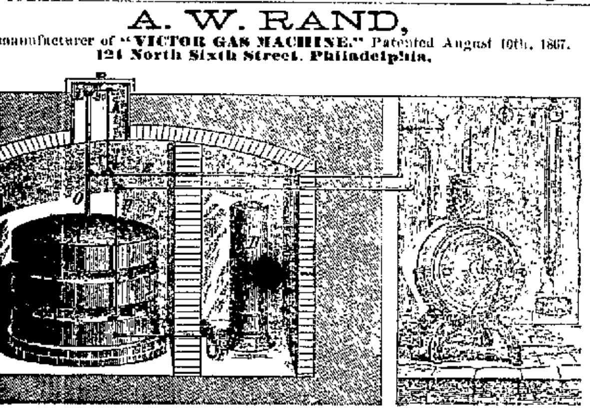

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Heaters, Ranges, Fire Brick and Grates to order. Tin covered over old shingles. Gravel Roofs torn off and covered with tin.
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C. L. COMFORT.
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PURE GROUND SPICES, Medicinal and Cooking Herbs, Conserve of Hollyhock, for Colds, &c.; Composing Cordial, for Infants.
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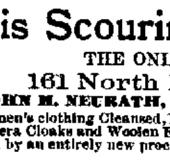

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THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLACE IN THE CITY.
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Gentlemen's clothing Cleansed, Dyed and Altered to the latest fashion. Ladies Silk Dresses, Morie Antique, Opera Cloaks and Woolen Fabrics, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Gaiters, Piano and Table Covers cleansed and Dyed by an entirely new process, which is superior to anything yet known to the public. 188

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AT
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BEDDING, FEATHERS, MATTRESSES, SPRING COTS, BEDS, BOLSTERS, PILLOWS, TICKS, &c., &c.
BED CLOTHING, BLANKETS, QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, COMFORTABLES OF COTTON, WOOL OR DOWN, SHEETS, PILLOW CASES, &c.,
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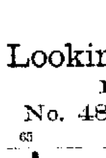
THE finest and largest assortment of SILK, ALPACA and ZANILLA UMBRELLAS with plain and fancy handles. Storm King and other Umbrellas. Gold and Ivory Head, and Natural Wood Canes in immense variety. 111



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Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, American Mechanics, Red Men, and all other Society Badges, Pins and Emblems. Also, dealer in WATCHES AND JEWELRY. No. 160 North Second St., Philada.
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Ready Made Dress Suits
IN THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES,
CONTANTLY ON HAND AT
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1216 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 1216
After the New York style (where all the most Fashionable establishments of this character are located up-stairs), these parlors are on the second floor, front room, and easy of access. Suits guaranteed in 24 hours. Special attention given to private orders. Prices to suit the times.
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is a disease that afflicts over 25 per centum of the human race. Although most every effort heretofore made in the treatment of this disease has been to allay the present suffering—trusting to luck to effect a cure. DR. P. J. GRIFFEN & CO., after years of research, now present to the public the only

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prepared articles in the market. The disease is treated externally by means of the Liniment, which, when properly applied reduces the swelling, relieves the tension and removes the inflammation, the cause of pain in a very short time, thus restoring freedom of movement and elasticity to the joints. The disease being a blood poison, of a peculiar nature, is

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Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Weakness, Paralysis, Softening of the Brain, Chorea, and all WEAKNESSES caused by the LOSS OF NERVE POWER cured by the use of

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NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, May 11, 1876.

☞THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, May 10.—Furnished by JESSE H. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	2 P.M.	9 P.M.
Thursday, May 4,.....	45	62	59
Friday, " 5,.....	48	71	64
Saturday, " 6,.....	56	76	74
Monday, " 8,.....	70	82	77
Tuesday, " 9,.....	64	64	57
Wednday, " 10,.....	57	60	52

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 5.45 and 10.45, A. M., 3.30, and 6.00 P. M.; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 2.30, 1.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.00, A. M., 1.30, 3.30, and 6.00 P. M. Arrives 7.00 and 11.45 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

PITTSBURGH AND THE WEST—Arrives 9.00 A. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15 and 8.00, A. M., 1.30 and 3.30, P. M.; arrives 11.45, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M., arrives 9.45 A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PENVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M.; arrives at 9.45, A.M.

TULLYTOWN, MORRISVILLE AND POST OFFICES ON THE B. D. R. R.—Closes 7.15 A. M.; arrives 4.30 P. M.

DORLESTON—Arrives 9.30 A. M.; closes 10.00 A. M.

SORTS.

—Train agents are now on all the trains.

—How shall Bristol celebrate the glorious Fourth?

—Excursion tickets to the Centennial grounds 75 cents.

—Twenty-five omnibuses passed through Bristol, on Monday, en route for Philadelphia.

—The Bristol accommodation train was decorated yesterday morning with about $100 worth of flags.

—The ladies of Bristol presented Bristol Fire Company No1 with a splendid flag, last Thursday evening.

—The house of Jared Hellings, at the Bath, was entered last night by burglars and a quantity of beds and bedding stolen.

—The GAZETTE is the first paper in the County to give a full report of the opening exercises of the Centennial Exhibition.

—Hibbs Goforth was relieved of a watch by some of the light fingered gentry, while coming up from the Exhibition yesterday.

—Yesterday was a legal holiday. The Farmers National Bank closed its doors and all notes fully due on that day were paid or protested on the 9th.

—Roger Waters was arrested last Friday, for assaulting Mrs. McDonald, of Buckley street. Squire Bailey bound him over in the sum of $500 for his appearance at Court.

—On last Friday evening fire was discovered on the roof of Charles Osmond's shop, next the Canal bridge. The flames were extinguished by the use of buckets before any serious damage was done.

—The lecture of our townsman Wm. Bache on the "Life and Genius of John Fitch," which, was to have been delivered on Saturday lost before the Washington Assembly was posponed. The audience assembled not being large enough to warrant the delivering of the lecture.

—Centennial trains leave the Bristol depot for the Exhibition grounds, at 6.30 and 7.26 A. M., and 12.41 P. M., arriving at the grounds at 7.40 and 8.25 A. M., and 1.40 P. M. Returning trains leave Centennial grounds at 9.10 A. M., and 6.40 and 7.10 P. M., arriving at Bristol at 10 A. M., and 7.40 and 8.18 P. M.

—One of the relics of the olden time can be seen in the window of Morton A. Walmsley's store. It is a pair of buckskin knee breeches, cut after the style of 1770. They are in a good state of preservation and an examination of the workmanship shows that the tailors of those days were well skilled in the use of the needle.

—At the annual election of officers of the Bristol Gas Light Company, held last Thursday afternoon, the following were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. A. Hoguet; Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel Swain; Directors, L. A. Hoguet, Anthony Swain, H. M. Wright, Jonathan Cone and James Buckman.

—A large number of flag poles have been raised by the citizens of Bristol, upon which a liberal display of bunting has been made. The following persons have thus contributed to the celebration of the nation's Centennial: J. Wesley Wright, Charles Osmond, Hazel Hibbs, James V. Foster, J. H. Vanzant, N. P. Chase, Edward Bindon, Harry White, John R. Boyd, Eugene Highland, J. Wilson Closson, Charles Douglass, Joseph Peirce, Joshua Peirce, George Watson, George Tyler, Alfred Devine, George Callahan, William A. Girton, Capt. Quicksell. The hosiery mill of Thomas L. Hughes & Co., the Livingston mills and the Engine and hose companies have each erected a flag pole. In addition to these, the flags stretched across the principal streets, and those displayed from doors and windows, made a very attractive sight.

—The Empress of Brazil passed through Bristol on Friday last on a special train, consisting of a locomotive, a baggage and one Pullman palace car. The party consisted of Lady M. Cantara (the Empress), with waiting ladies; Miss Josephine La Framcra Costa, first maid of honor; Vice Admiral J. R. De Lamere, with three servants; Dr. S. Fontes, of the Brazilian Royal Navy; Mr. and Mrs. Carvatha Borges and maid, and the Brazilian minister and lady. When the train arrived near Bristol the coal in the engine bunkers became exhausted, and the iron horse lost steam rapidly. After running at a slow rate for a short distance the engine came to a dead stop, and did not proceed again until a passing train was stopped and a supply of fuel borrowed from the locomotive. We understand that the party did not arrive at the West Philadelphia depot until four o'clock, an hour and a half behind time. At the depot carriages were taken and the distinguished guests driven rapidly to the Continental Hotel, where their names were registered at the office, and they were assigned to a suit of rooms, bed chambers and reception parlors located on the first floor.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

Last Friday evening a large crowd of people were gathered at Corson's hotel. The cause which drew this crowd was a runaway. Two young men from New Britian were driving up State street, when opposite to Corson's hotel they tried to turn their horse into the yard; the horse became unmanageable and ran over the hay scales, breaking them off and upsetting the wagon. The horse then started and ran to the corner of the porch next to the stable, where he was caught. The top of the wagon was broken off; the young men were not injured except a few slight bruises.

Judge Watson was surprised on Friday last when a petition was handed to him purporting to be signed by many of the tramps in jail, setting forth that when they applied to a justice for a commitment for a night's lodging they did not know that they would be compelled to remain for thirty days. The object of the petition was to ask the Judge to set them free. The Judge in answering the prayer of the petitioners said that it was a subject for the County Commissioners, if they saw proper they could discharge them without the payment of costs after the thirty days had expired; as far as the Court was concerned, they had no power or control over it. The only way by which they would be able to act was that after their term of sentence had expired, for them to make application for the benefit of the insolvent laws. The Court said that they did not intend to keep them in jail forever even if they failed to pay the cost and it had to be provided for at the expense of the county. The Court directed the petition to be filed and the tramp to taken back to jail.

The Judge on Saturday sentenced Patrick McLaughlin, convicted of shooting with intent to maim, to one year in the penitentiary. Philip Bosand convicted of conspiracy with intent to defraud and cheat the Germania Insurance Company, to four years in penitentiary, and Joel Tettemer who was indicted with Bosand but who turned States evidence and pleaded guilty to one year in the penitentiary.

Aaron Kratz, who is the proprietor of a large carriage manufactory at Plumsteadville, intends to erect on the tenth of May, a large pole upon the top of the building. The length of this pole is 64 feet and runs through the roof to the upper floor. From the top there is to be strung a large flag twenty-five feet in length. This shows that there is some patriotism in Mr. Kratz.

The mechanics, commenced on Monday morning to tear down the front portion of the *Intelligencer* office. The business of the clerks will be performed in the office of Esquire Pugh, next door to the old establishment. This will be a great improvement to the office. Some few years ago Mr. Darlington built a new addition to the printing part of the building and when the front part is completed, the establishment will be one of the most imposing building's of the town.

Assignments seem to be pretty general in our town. Last week there were two: The first being that of Hubbard & Scott who carried on the trimming and notion store on State street, and the second that of Frank Roach who has been long and favorably known as our popular livery stable keeper. Who's next?

The third week of Court adjourned early on Monday afternoon owing to the want of business. Only two cases were tried and they only occupied a short time. The rest of the cases were either settled or continued until the next term of the Court.

—The Pennsylvania State Tanners' Association comprises over 100 members and represents a capital of $25,000,000.

Council Proceedings.

A stated meeting of Council was held last Monday evening at the Council chamber. Members present: Chas. E. Scott, Burgess, Samuel Pike, James M. Slack, C. W. Peirce, Jonathan Wright, H. M. Wright, S. S. Rue, Symington Phillips, Allen Garwood, Charles York, J. Wesley Wright.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Street Committee submitted their report as follows: *To the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol:* The Street Committee respectfully report that they have had a new lamp placed on the post at Mill and Pond streets; have had the bridge on Beaver-dam road repaired; new crossings laid at Walnut and Wood and at Radcliffe and Franklin, and the crossings at Dorrance and Cedar and Walnut and Cedar relaid. Also have had the gates put in the school house yard on Pond street, and have laid the crossing. On motion the report was adopted and approved.

The Finance Committee reported that they had taken into consideration the petition of Fire Company No. 1, requesting an increase of appropriation, and recommended that the former resolution granting $100 annually be reconsidered, and that an appropriation of $300 be granted. They also recommended that the resolution dividing the town into Fire districts and providing for certain alarms to be rung in case of fire, be adopted. On motion the report of the Committee was accepted and approved.

BILLS PASSED:

Joseph S. Peirce,.....	$10 25
John Mulligan,.....	34.37
J. S. Thomas,.....	5.88
C. S. Bailey,.....	15.00
Bristol Gas Light Company,.....	267.29
Alpheus Peterson,.....	28.00
Total,.....	$360.79

On motion power was conferred on the Burgess to continue Anthony Thorp as policeman whenever in his judgment it was necessary.

On motion, the resolution appropriating $100 per annum to the Bristol Fire Company was rescinded, and an annual appropriation of $300, was made.

The petition of the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company for an appropriation of $150 to pay the running expenses of the Company, was referred to the Finance Committee.

On motion, an order was drawn in favor of the Relief Committee for $790.

A. J. Hibbs asked Council to repair the Penn street wharf. The matter was referred to the Wharf Committee.

On motion, the Constable, under the supervision of the Burgess, was directed to fix the drop light in the Council Chamber.

The matter of the drainage of Pond street, was refered to the Street Committee.

The matter of a crossing on the southwest side of Cedar and Franklin Street, was referred to the Street Committee.

Enmor Comly, the Bristol agent of the P. S. P. C. A., made a statement relative to the hill at Mill street wharf, saying that it could be made of a much easier grade. Referred to the Street Committee.

On motion, and in consideration of the presentation to the Borough by Charles W. Peirce of the pump on Dorrance street, the Council accepted the same, and the Street Committee were authorized to make the necessary repairs.

On motion, adjourned.

Attleboro' Notes.

We notice many citizens of our borough have flags flying from the tops of their houses and more will be flung to the breeze to-morrow morning,—among which will be a splendid banner of the Stars and Stripes which will grace the spire of Bellevue, by sunrise.

Many of our citizens are going down to the Centennial on Wednesday—the great trouble is to get to the city. They do not like to drive over the new line and go to Bristol, although the fare is so much lower from there, and there is poor prospect of having it reduced soon.

We notice, the *Enterprise* says, that the people of Attleboro' drive across the new line and on to Bristol in order to save money. Although we think there has been as yet only one person who has done so; but he says nothing about the gentlemen from Newtown who drive all the way down to the old road, and yet these were the same men who received tickets for the excursion on the opening of the new line.

And now the decision which shall change the name of our borough to Langhorne is again postponed. Although the petition was sent up signed by three-fourths of the taxable inhabitants of the place praying to have the name changed, a remonstrance is sent up signed by a number of old ladies (and some of them wished their names withdrawn from it after seeing the matter in its true light and not misrepresented as it was to several, but the parties were not gallant enough to comply with their request) yet here it is put off from time to time and no decision yet reached.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams is as indifferent towards the Presidency as ever. He said to a *New York Herald* correspondent recently: "Long since I united from motive purely in politics, and was never a strict 'party man.' I have acted in good faith with parties when I could, but when our views diverged I left, and all owed them to go on their way, as I went mine. With politicians, as such, I have not now and never had any sympathy; nor have they ever shown the least regard for me. In my own State they gave no preferment, even when they had the opportunity to grant it. I believe I could not be elected a State constable even here. I have never sought office, nor have I courted those who could bestow it. There is no reason why any party, as such, should look to me as a candidate. I receive from all sections of the country letters indicative of personal confidence and esteem, and I have every reason to consider them truthful. Of course such expressions are gratifying to me, and I endeavor to answer them in a proper spirit. But as for the Presidency, I have no itching in that direction. It is a thankless office at the best, and whoever is President now must expect a deuce of a time, with a vast amount of care and trouble." As for being the third President from one family, he had no great desire to figure as a "dramatic spectacle;" besides, he knew that the two Presidents who had been taken from his family found their terms the most miserable years of their life. Speaking of the other candidates, Mr. Adams said he had watched Gov. Tilden for a long time and regarded him favorably. If elected he would make a politic President and would be independent of bad advisers. He had faith in his honesty and in his desire to do right. Ex-Gov. Seymour he regarded as too fluctuating in opinion to make a good President. Gov. Hendricks had little strength outside of Indiana, and was not the man to bring order out of the chaos Grant had caused. He thought well of Mr. Blaine, "who is strong and has a head of his own," and who, if elected, would see the necessity of discretion and sound patriotic policy. As for Senator Conkling, he would act too much in concert with the "ring." Mr. Washburne is "eminently a man with a head on his shoulders," As for Grant, he had disintegrated everything; had been surrounded by people who wouldn't advise him right; had had no policy of his own, but had gone on the *laissez faire* principle from first to last.

—Before the Civil Service Committee, last Monday, Miss Ada C. Sweet, Pension Agent at Chicago, testified that in consideration of receiving the appointment, she agreed to pay David Blakely, the retiring agent, $2100, and paid the money over to B. H. Campbell, then and now United States Marshal for that District. Campbell is General Babcock's father-in-law. Blakely was also a defaulter, as Pension Agent, to the amount of $3,000, and she was subsequently compelled to pay this also. When the President found out that she was paying money for her appointment, he notified her that a continuance of it would be a sufficient cause for her removal.

—The facilities for transit by street and steam cars in Philadelphia during the Exhibition are excellent. The roads are represented as ready for any emergency, and in a condition to transport at least 25,000 per hour. The Chestnut and Walnut Street Company have 16 miles of track, and will run 120 cars. The Fourth, Eighth, and Girard Avenue a like number, capable of carrying 65,000 persons to the gates daily. The capacities of the other lines will be equally great, not counting the wagon and stage routes.

—A Roman tomb was recently opened at York, England, and enclosed in a stone coffin was found the body of a young girl, admirably preserved by the use of gypsum, and furnished with what has been considered a modern device—a chignon. This rested upon a pyramid of pods, plaits, and coils, and although many hundred years old, is a good specimen of the present fashion.

—Mention is made of the death at Milwaukee of Mr. William Waigli, who was the private secretary of Kossuth during his visit to this country. After Kossuth returned, Mr. Waigli went to the West and settled as a teacher of drawing in Milwaukee. Being a man of improvident habits, he with a large family suffered greatly from poverty. He was an accomplished linguist.

—A mail train on the Illinois Central Railroad was blown into a ditch by a tornado two miles south of Neoga, on Saturday night. Several persons were severely injured, among them W. K. Ackerman, Treasurer of the road, and P. Doyle, Secretary of State of Wisconsin. A brakeman sustained injuries which may prove fatal.

—Miss Thursby, now of Dr. Chapin's church in New York, is engaged for the Tabernacle at the salary of $3,000 a year, with a carriage from Williamsburgh every Sunday and her hotel bill paid by the church. This is the largest salary ever paid in New York to a church singer, but is mostly paid by private parties in the church.

HERE AND THERE.

—The total debt of New Orleans is $22,688,438.53.

—Queen Victoria has been proclaimed Empress of India.

—There will be thirty-nine countries represented at Philadelphia.

—Kate Field has made a successful appearance on the London stage.

—Over five hundred Southern Presbyterian churches have no pastors.

—The chinch bugs now threaten the destruction of the wheat crop in Iowa.

—It is reported on good authority that Barney Williams left a million dollars.

—A stout auctioneer at St. Louis last week knocked down the original cardiff giant.

—They have discovered a soap mine in California. We believe it is in the Washoe region.

—Two hundred and seventy-five jewelry firms have failed in New York during the past year.

—Now, if you have looked at your new silver long enough, the next duty is to put it into circulation.

—A steamer arrived at San Francisco from Hong Kong on Saturday with more than a thousand coolies.

—Passengers from Boston to Philadelphia, went through on the 8th of May, without change of cars.

—Ex-Governor Seymour declines the use of his name in the Presidential race, and comes out for Tilden.

—Olive Logan boasts that she is the only woman on the American continent who knows how to manage a husband.

—The pupils of one of the public schools of Des Moines, Iowa have written a book about scholars and school life in 1876.

—A man named Parshall arrived at Cheyenne on Saturday with $1000 in gold dust, found in the Black Hills.

—Rev. Newman Hall says the churches of Great Britain have lost 30,000 members within three years by intemperance.

—A Maine farmer set fire to a pile of straw on his barn floor to make a light to harness his horses by, and now he has no barn.

—Ohio and Michigan Free Masons have resolved not to visit the Centennial Exhibition unless railroad fares are further reduced.

—President Grant sent in a message to Congress last Thursday, stating his right to do executive business away from the capitol.

—Diphtheria in New York is said to prevail very generally where kerosene is used, and the gas companies don't want the people to forget it.

—The graves of Captain Jack and the Modoes hanged with him are empty. It is supposed that the bodies were removed soon after burial.

—The undermining of Hell Gate is completed, 8000 borings having been made. These will now be charged, and the whole mine exploded.

—It is said that when James Gorden Bennett marries, his sister, Janette Bennett, will retire to a convent, carrying with her a large fortune.

—A careless Dubuque, Iowa, boy swallowed a revolver cartridge, the other day, and his mother doesn't dare to "wallop him" for fear he'll go off.

—The present population of the State of Kentucky is 1,321,011, being scattered over 37,680 square miles, with an average of 35 persons to a square mile.

—Communication with Europe is now carried on with one cable on account of the cables connecting Newfoundland and Nova Scotia being broken.

—Under the laws of New York State a married woman who lends her husband fifteen cents can sue and recover and make him pay the cost of such suit.

—Mrs. Sinclair repudiates the charges imputed to Charles O'Conor in conducting the Forrest divorce suit, and declines to appear before the tribunal of investigation.

—The Boston schools are teaching sewing, which is a capital idea. In old times when they confined their operations to busting, the system was decidedly imperfect.

—The Washington cigar manufacturers have asked authority to establish bonded factories for the manufacture of cigars exclusive for export, from Havana tobacco.

—The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill providing for the punishment by fine and imprisonment of all persons who get on or off railroad trains that are in motion.

—An English judge has decided that a woman can keep her wedding ring, and wear it when she pleases, but she cannot give it away without her husband's consent.

—Cardinal McCloskey is rapidly improving in health. He expects to return to New York in a week or so and resume, in part, the ordinary duties of his position.

—Two young ladies in a debt burdened church of Chicago are walking to school and back daily for a year, contributing the money thereby saved to the extinguishment of the debt.

—The Aquidneck Cotton Mill, at Newport, R. I., "shut down indefinitely," on Saturday night, owing to the refusal of its hands to accept a reduction of ten per cent. in their wages.

—A Cuban youth of sixteen, named Vascarien, was committed at Trenton on Saturday, in default of $1,000 bail, for attempting to throw a train off the track of the Mercer and Somerset railroad.

—*Pomeroy's Democrat* says: A. T. Stewart had 7,000 names on his pay-roll of employees—and not one of them all was so small-souled and contemptibly mean as A. T. Stewart. Peace to his ashes.

—The United States *Tobacco Journal*, of the 2nd instant, said that the seed leaf market is buoyant. The greatest share of all transactions were carried by the 1875 Pennsylvania crop, of which 175 cases changed hands.

—The Philadelphia Mint proposes to strike 140,000,000 pieces of silver coin the coming year, to say nothing of gold and minor coins. The work of the other mints is rough and unfinished compared with the Philadelphia.

—Charges have been made that Senator Morton, while Governor of Indiana, misapplied $250,000 of a Government appropriation for war purposes. The Senator courts the fullest examination for his conduct in the premises.

—Two tramps stopped at the house of a lone widow in Westchester county, and one went into beg. Very soon he came out with a bloody nose and a black eye. "Did you get anything Jack ?" "Yes," growled the sufferer, "I've got the widow's might."

—The grave in which Samuel Hause was buried a week ago in Eldred, Pa., is still left open. His body at the funeral looked to some as though alive, and so, as the local newspaper expresses it, they resolved to "give the old man a chance" should he revive.

—It is stated that Mr. Hugh Holt, a bookkeeper of Montreal has been declared heir-at-law of the famous Holt estate, which has been thrown out of the English court of chancery. The estate has been in litigation since 1700, and is valued at £16,000,000.

—Fever is making sad havoc among the Americans in Rome. During the past week nine dead bodies were sent to Leghorn to await transportation to the United States. The excavations now being carried on at the Campus are said to be the cause of the sickness.

—Charles O'Conor of New York, has sued the *Times* and *Sun* for libel in stating that he had been guilty of claiming to be more generous than he really was in his legal practice, etc. The suit will be tried soon and the requisite papers have been served on the defendants.

—That is a smart farmer in Ulster county who sets up scare-crows as targets for the canal boatmen to "shie" coal at. In this way it is said, by that voracious authority, the Ellenville *Journal*, he not only provides his own fuel for the simple trouble of gathering it, but with the surplus runs a small coal yard.

—Watts's Memorial Hall, erected to the memory of Dr. Isaac Watts in Southampton, England was dedicated a few days ago. It comprises block of school buildings covering the site of Dr. Watts's garden, and standing near the chapel in which his first hymn was sung. The buildings cost about $30,000.

—Mother Stewart, the temperance advocate, obtained a public reception in Dundee, Scotland, on April 10, and was presented with an address expressive of the appreciation entertained there for her philanthropic labors. There was a very large audience, and Mrs. Stewart was cordially received.

—Doyle and Kelley, sentenced to be executed at Manch Chunk this month, have had the proceedings stayed until the meeting of the Supreme Court, at Philadelphia, nearly a year hence, for a hearing upon the points raised by their counsel. In the mean time, others connected with the gang will be tried for their crimes.

—One of the largest failures ever known in western Massachusetts occurred at North Adams last Thursday, six mills being closed, and over 1,000 looms stopped, and 800 operatives thrown out of employment. Harvey Arnold & Co., print works, is the name of the firm, and their liabilities are put at one million and a half.

—A recent discovery in England shows that the edition of Goldsmith's "Traveller" bearing the date of 1765 is not the first issue of that work, as has been heretofore supposed. The newly discovered edition has the date of 1764, and this brief and simple dedication: "This Poem is inscribed to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, M. A., by his most affectionate brother, Oliver Goldsmith."

—The remains of Robert Fulton, the father of steam-navigation, were discovered last week in the vault of the Livingston family in old Trinity churchyard, New York, where they were afforded a temporary resting place until claimed by his friends. There they have remained since 1815. It is now proposed that this native State should reclaim the great inventor, give him a grave, and erect a monument over him.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

SECOND WEEK.

The first cases called for trial were those of, the Sheriff's Interpleaders: Anna M. Ettenger and Charles B. Hadnut *vs.* Emanuel Reis, Son & Co. The defendants here were plaintiffs in an execution issued against Samuel L. Ettenger. The Sheriff in making the levy under that execution, levied upon the furniture of the house, which is in this suit claimed by the wife as property belonging to her, and purchased with money which she had inherited. In the other case it was claimed by Charles B. Hadnut, that he had loaned a horse to Ettenger, and that at the time of the levy, this horse was in his hotel, at Newtown. In both of these cases the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs. Lloyd and Jenks, for plaintiff; Yardley, for defendants.

The next cases were of the same nature: the plaintiffs being Levi Jacoby, assignee, &c., Annie Weiss, Fanny Weiss and Anna Schantz *vs.* R. B. Slack. R. B. Slack was a plaintiff in an execution issued against one Henry Weiss, who lives at Quakertown. Henry Weiss afterwards made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. These plaintiffs, who were related to the defendant Henry Weiss, claimed many of the goods sold by the Sheriff, and brought these issues to prove their value. These goods consisted of rails, manure, horses, cows, hogs and farming implements. Fanny Weiss, who is the the wife of Henry Weiss, testified that these things were purchased by her for the purpose of carrying on farming; that all of the business was done in her name, and that the right of property in these goods was in her for a considerable length of time previous to the issuing of the execution. In the case of Anna Schantz, she claimed her part by virtue of them being given to her in lieu of a judgment held by her against Henry Weiss. The defence endeavored to show that there was actual fraud existing here. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs in all the cases except that of Anna Shantz, where it was in favor of the defendant. R. Lear, for plaintiffs; Ross and Cope, for defendant.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County *vs.* Owen Jones & Co. This was an action to recover the amounts of two promissory notes given by the defendants and discounted at the Bank. The notes came due and were protested. There were no witnesses in this case—the evidence being the notes and protest. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for the sum of $3,611.79. DuBois, for plaintiff; Yerkes, for defendants.

Abraham Fronebiser administrator of Elizabeth Cressman *vs.* Aaron Cressman. The defendant had, during the lifetime of his mother borrowed from her the sum of $800. After her death, when the administrator tried to collect the amount, the defendant denied owing anything to the decedent. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs. James and Shellenburger, for plaintiff. G. & H. Lear, for defendant.

Linden Reckless *vs.* Charles Fechter. This was brought for the recovery of wages due the plaintiff, and for the keep of some dogs, &c. The verdict was for the plaintiff. G. & H. Lear, for plaintiff; Ross and James, for defendant.

Joseph Forman & Sons *vs.* Daniel B. Hellig. This was a suit brought by the plaintiffs for the recovery of a sum of money still remaining due on a contract for the erection of a house for defendant in the Borough of Newtown. The defendant was building a stone house and contracted with the plaintiffs to do the carpenter work. The plaintiffs said that after they had commenced work the defendant changed the style of building in several important places, and the amount which is alleged now due is for the extra work done on the changes made. The defendant said they were to give him credit with the material used from an old building which was torn down, and this they failed to do. The plaintiffs claims was over $400—they recovered $161.50 from the jury. Ross and James, for plaintiffs; Henry Lear, for defendant.

List of Jurors September Term, 1876.

GRAND JURORS.

John L. Heebner, Farmer, Haycock.
Levi Cressman, Farmer, Rockhill.
Abraham Walp, Farmer, Richland.
Isaac Rickert, Farmer, Hilltown.
Samuel Cornell, Farmer, Northampton.
Joakim R. Moon, Miller, Falls.
John H. Stem, Farmer, Nockamixon.
Henry Burton, Farmer, Falls.
James Bieler, Wheelwright, Doylestown borough.
S. Wilson Croasdale, Merchant, Newtown borough.
William B. Wright, Innkeeper, Falls.
Benjamin Edwards, Flour Dealer, Quakertown.
James McKinstry, Farmer, Warrington.
Abraham M. Gerhart, Farmer, Hilltown.
William Balderston, Farmer, Lower Makefield.
Theodore Fluck, Farmer, Warwick.
Jacob Solliday, Farmer, Springfield.
Edwin Townsend, Carpenter, Plumsteadville borough.
Matthias Lebegut, Innkeeper, Durham.
Joseph Landis, Gentleman, Springfield.
James C. Iden, Gentleman, Buckingham.
John L. Gross, Farmer, Plumstead.
Abdiah B. James, Farmer, Doylestown township.
Charles R. Althouse, Baker, Sellersville borough.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

William H. White, Carpenter, Bristol borough.
Levi Hager, Farmer, Tinicum.
Arthur C. Ivins, Farmer, Falls.
Jacob Hagerty, Farmer, Plumstead.
Robert K. Tomlinson, Farmer, Upper Makefield.
John D. Livezey, Carpenter, Doylestown borough.
William Fish, Farmer, Lower Makefield.
Jonathan Lovett, Shoemaker, Bristol borough.
Phares Albright, Farmer, Hilltown.
William M. Large, Farmer, Buckingham.
William Barnsley, Farmer, Middletown.
John B. Davis, Blacksmith, Buckingham.
James Shaw, Farmer, Plumstead.
Owen Stevens, Farmer, Bridgeton.
John K. Lewis, Farmer, Plumstead.
Joseph L. Sackett, Farmer, Solebury.
Howard Pursell, Druggist, Bristol borough.
Albert Hoguet, Clerk, Bristol borough.
Ferdinand Smith, Teacher, Rockhill.
Henry K. Shellenberger, Gentleman, Haycock.
David Fell, Farmer, Buckingham.
Thomas W. Trego, Farmer, Doylestown township.
Joseph F. Nicholas, Farmer, Haycock.
A. J. Hibbs, Merchant, Bristol borough.
A. W. Snyder, Farmer, Richland.
John Hinkle, Farmer, Richland.
Israel S. Tomlinson, Notary Public, Bristol borough.
Robert V. Linton, Farmer, Newtown township.
Reed Fretz, Farmer, Bedminster.
Isaac G. Gehart, Merchant, Rockhill.
James M. Palst, Farmer, Buckingham.
Amos Bennett, Farmer, Warwick.
Harrison Hulbert, Farmer, Warwick.
John Mathews, Coachsmith, Buckingham.
Henry K. Trumbower, Gentleman, Springfield.
Henry Kipple, Farmer, Northampton.
Samuel L. Ettenger, Farmer, Newtown borough.
David R. Jamison, Drover, Quakertown.
James K. Fox, Teacher, Tinicum.
John S. Williams, Gentleman, Solebury.
Asop B. Healy, Miller, Bristol township.
E. Frank Watson, Farmer, Buckingham.
John Wildman, Gentleman, Attleborough.
Hugh Kintner, Farmer, Durham.
Jesse B. Knight, Teacher, Bulmeville.
Abraham Myers, Farmer, Hilltown.
Charles M. Taylor, Gentleman, Bensalem.
Benjamin F. Taylor, Lumber Merchant, Morrisville.
Stacy C. Buckman, Gentleman, Newtown borough.
John Stevers, Carpenter, Bedminster.
Abraham F. Swartz, Teacher, Hilltown.
Aaron W. Haring, Farmer, Richland.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

David Weiss, Farmer, Milford.
William Walters, Gentleman, Durham.
Joseph V. Campbell, Farmer, Buckingham.
David Satterthwaite, Farmer, Falls.
Stephen T. James, Farmer, Newtown township.
John S. Headman, Farmer, Rockhill.
Joseph Mann, Gentleman, Haycock.
Henry R. Beans, Farmer, Buckingham.
Benjamin Fetzer, Farmer, Northampton.
Samuel Moyer, Farmer, Springfield.
Lewis Worman, Farmer, Tinicum.
Charles R. Vansant, Real Estate Ag't, Southamp'n.
Daniel S. Dungan, Innkeeper, Lower Makefield.
Mark P. Rich, Farmer, Middletown.
Henry M. Kratz, Farmer, Hilltown.
Isaiah Sonemaker, Gentleman, Plumstead.
William Davis, Farmer, Wrightstown.
Samuel Fulton, Farmer, Bensalem.
James Sickels, Blacksmith, Morrisville borough.
Comly Mesteyer, Farmer, Plumstead.
T. Harvey Kirk, Farmer, Buckingham.
Silas P. Apple, Miller, Springfield.
Daniel Huhsizer, Machinist, Doylestown borough.
Theodore Vanartsdalen, Farmer, Northampton.
Casper Hinkle, Jr., Farmer, Plumstead.
M. D. Frankenfield, Merchant, Haycock.
J. Krewson Cornell, Jr., Farmer, Southampton.
Jacob Rosenburger, Farmer, Rockhill.
Henry Frankenfield, Carpenter, Tinicum.
Isaac Longnecker, Miller, Milford.
Jonathan B. Stroud, Farmer, New Britain.
David Morgan, Blacksmith, Hilltown.
Josiah Reifer, Drover, Milford.
William R. Woolston, Farmer, Bristol township.
Benjamin Fetzer, Jr., Farmer, Northampton.
Washington Row, Farmer, Middletown.
Charles Johnson, Farmer, Northampton.
T. Ellwood Williams, Gentleman, Buckingham.
John G. Palmer, Jr., Farmer, Buckingham.
Andrew Gilkyson, Farmer, Northampton.
N. Lewis Maisbury, Laborer, Plumstead.
Robert Conard, Gentleman, Solebury.
Thomas B. Scott, Farmer, Newtown township.
Barclay Knight, Farmer, Lower Makefield.
William Conners, Merchant, New Hope.
Lewis P. Christman, Merchant, Milford.
Levi Fluck, Tailor, Tinicum.
George H. Markley, Farmer, New Britain.

—A fire broke out in the Theatre des Arts, in Rouen, France, on Wednesday night of last week, while the actors were dressing for a performance of the opera of Hamlet, and was discovered before the public were admitted. The flames spread rapidly. The outlets of the buildings were so narrow that the exit of the members of the chorus and supernumeraries were cut off, and the poor people crowded the windows, many leaping from them upon bedding piled below by the inhabitants. One chorus singer was visible for an hour in an upper window beyond the reach of help. Four soldiers were killed and fifteen wounded in endeavoring to save lives. About fifty persons were badly injured.

—The magazine of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, on the palisades at Jersey City, containing dynamite used for blasting purposes in the Bergen tunnel, blew up on Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, with a tremendous explosion. In a radius of two miles dwellings were damaged and window glass and furniture smashed by the shock. One account says that one man was killed. The latest supposition is that the explosion was caused by spontaneous combustion.

—Another incendiary fire was started in the lumber yards at Williamsport on Saturday evening. It began in the yard of Barrow & Co., where it is said coal oil had been "spread profusely" to feed the flames, and continued until one o'clock Sunday morning. Nearly twenty acres of ground were burned over, and 18,000,000 feet of lumber consumed. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

—A southern correspondent describes a primitive method of fishing as follows: Pike or Jack, as they are called here, are taken in large quantities in the mill-ponds in the Carolinas by holding a torch, at night, over the centre of a canoe and rocking it while moving down stream. The motion with the light attracts the fish, who jump into the boat, often in large numbers.

—A West Point cadet, while travelling on one of the Canadian railroads, formed the acquaintance of a party of three card monte men. He indulged in the fascinating game, and when he had finished playing he was $580 out of pocket. The young man belongs, it is believed, somewhere in Michigan, probably among the pine woods where newspapers are scarce.

—To relieve as far as possible the scarcity of small change, the Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the payment of silver by the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurers in the ordinary disbursements of the Government to an amount equal to the silver coin on hand previous to the passage of the Resumption Act. The amount thus available is about $2,500,000.

—Foreign journals publish a romantic story of an Arab girl who has been the leader in their combats with the Turks. The girl was the daughter of a chief, and was married to a warrior of her tribe, who was murdered by the Turks. The young widow made a vow to avenge his death upon the soldiers of the Padishah. The Emir, touched by the prayers and tears of his child, called upon the tribe, the whole of the Bedouin horsemen of the Beni Kawas rising in consequence against the domination of the Padishah. The daughter of the Emir, armed like the men, and carrying their banner, like Joan of Arc, was always foremost in their attacks upon the enemy; closely followed by her father, the Emir, her brothers and the remainder of the horsemen. The Turkish Government has set a price on her head, in order to capture her and stop the slaughter of the soldiers. The Arabian poets have made the heroine the subject of their songs, and she is now the most famous personage in the district of Beder.

—For some time past the workmen in the Zoological Society's Gardens in London have been busily employed in the construction of a large temporary building, and an adjoining yard, intended for the reception of the Prince of Wales living collection of Indian animals, which will be deposited there on his return to England. The collection is said to be extensive, containing nearly 150 mammals and birds, among which are four elephants, five tigers, two bears, one Cashmere deer, six other deer, and a very fine series of Himalayan pheasants. There were also living at the time the collection left Suez specimens of the Indian manis and gooral, or Himalayan chamois, neither of which animals has yet been introduced alive into England. Unfortunately the valuable armadillo died on the passage from India.

—The consumption of eggs in the manufacture of calicos is almost incredible. No albumen is equal to that contained in an egg and it would consume the lay of 300,000 hens to supply one of the large calico manufactories in France. Inferior dyes can be obtained from blood, etc.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

Monday, May 8, 5 P. M.

BEEF CATTLE were dull this week, and prices were unsettled and lower. 3300 head arrived and sold at 4½@5½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, 5@5½c. for fair to good do., and 4@5c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality.

SHEEP were in fair demand. 10,000 head arrived and sold at 4½@5c. per lb. gross for clipped, as to condition.

HOGS were dull and lower. 4000 head sold at $5 50 @ 5 75 per 100 lbs. net.

☞A LARGE STOCK OF DRY GOODS fresh from the looms of the world, can be seen at J. Wesley Wright's, next to the Canal bridge, Mill street, Bristol, Pa.

Our stock of Fine Dress Goods is the best we have ever offered, comprising

Black Silks at as low a price as they can be bought in Philadelphia.

Hermanies, Mohairs, Alpacas and C

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

The schoolmaster was weary,
Was weary, old, and gray;
And heaviness came o'er him
Upon that summer day—

A heaviness of spirit,
And nameless sense of pain,
He struggled hard to banish,
But struggled all in vain.

The drowsy school-room murmur
He heard, and, in his trance,
He knew his school were watching
His face with stealthy glance,

He knew, and, for a moment,
He roused himself again,
To battle off the stupor
That crushed his weary brain.

In vain, for, with the effort,
His head dropped on his breast,
His breath came faint and fainter,
And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar!
And boundless was the glee
Among those little scholars
The schoolmaster to see.

And all the little urchins,
And maidens shout with joy;
And, with the tears of laughter,
Cry, what a funny boy (the dunce).

An hour now was passing,
And still the master slept,
And greater grew the tumult
These little scholars kept.

Until a little maiden,
Who watched the haggard face,
With grave concern and wonder,
Stole softly from her place,—

Stole softly to the master,
And gently touched his head,
And started back in terror—
The schoolmaster was dead!

Flower Gardens.—We always speak for the ladies. We want to have the home made attractive and lovely that they may feel that their lives are not altogether a round of laborious troubles. Nothing tends so much to beautify the homestead as a nice lawn and flower garden, no matter how small.

A vegetable garden is indispensible: but flowers, being ornamental only, can be dispensed with when extreme poverty forces the family to provide food and care nothing for the elegancies of life.

Woman was given to man to sooth the rough angles of his nature and to polish him sufficiently at least, so that he may control the animal passion within him, and fit him for a higher and nobler enjoyment. Left to himself, man would doubtless soon lapse back into barbarism or if not, he certainly would soon partake as much the nature of the bear as of the angels.

The refining influences of woman, guided by her delicacy of sentiment and exquisite taste, hold the rough war-like spirit of man in check, and teach him what it is to love and become submissive in his feelings.

Whatever is beautiful tends to harmonize the mind with the laws of nature, and whatever appears ugly is out of its moral condition.

Flowers are always beautiful, chaste and elegant in their outlines, and with their fragrance ever filling the air with cheerfulness and gaiety.

Women and children love flowers, because they are beautiful and because they are the innocence of nature. Then, by all means, provide the garden wherein the female members of the family can plant and guard these delicate treasures of her tastes.

No home is attractive to children without flowers and fruits, and nothing is more productive of pleasure in a family than the innocent employments of caring for nature's "blooming beauties" that never fail to come at our calling, whenever a little attention is paid to their cultivation. We hope every family will, the coming summer, enjoy the elevating influence of a flower garden.

One Ear at a Time.—Many extraordinary persons, who have figured in history as men of action, have had a propensity to do their thoughts rather than speak them, to convey, or at least to enforce, their meaning by some significant action rather than by words. Sir Walter Scott relates of Napoleon that once, in a sharp altercation with his brother Lucien, not being able to bow him to his will, he dashed on the marble floor a magnificent watch which he held in his hand, exclaiming—"I made your fortunes. I can shatter them to pieces easier than I do that watch!" Everybody has heard the story of Canute the Great, who, when his courtiers were extolling his power and good fortune as a kind of omnipotence over nature as well as men, quietly ordered his throne to be set on the seabeach when the tide was out, and when the waves came rolling in, playing around his seat, and irreverently throwing water and spray over his sacred person, he silently allowed the spectacle to rebuke their silly flattery. A good instance of this symbolism is related of Alexander the Great. An accusation was once presented to him against one of his officers. When the informer began his statement, Alexander turned one ear towards him, and closed the other firmly with his hand; implying that he would form a just judgment, must not abandon himself altogether to the party who gets the first hearing; but, while he gives one ear to the accusation, should reserve the other, without bias or prepossession, to the defense. If one should shut both ears when we hear an injurious report, in most cases no harm would be done. But the least that fairness requires is to keep one closed and reserve it for the other side. For who does not know (though, most people often forget) that there are two sides of every story?

Birds cannot always sing;
Silence at times they ask: to nurse spent feeling:
To see some new, bright thing
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

An Item for the Boys.—The amusement of flying kites does not prevail quite as extensively at the present time as in former years. The amusement is a very ancient one. In Central Asia it is as popular as in America or Europe, but is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by the admission of soft, melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, bird-like motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of an æolian harp, and thus the flight and song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything.

A traveller, gives the following description of these musical kites:—"Each kite is a square, formed upon diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the square. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to its lowest extremity. The tranverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite, and as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest."

Men Worship Dress.—Says a social critic: "When our wives and daughters and sisters begin to dress modestly and simply, then, and then only, may we have some hope for the regeneration of society." Now, as I have often said, I believe that the simplification of women's dress depends entirely upon men. When women find that men pay more attention to, and show keener appreciation of, those among them who are modest and simple in dress and in behavior, then the regeneration of society will take place, and then only. How does a modest, quiet girl fare in a modern ball-room? —how does a simple costume avail her among modern elaborations? I will tell you: men pay no attention to her on the score of her quiet behavior, because, they will tell you, they prefer a girl who can "give as good as you send" in the way of smart answers; and they do not ask to be introduced to her, or to dance with her, or to take her down to supper, because her simple attire will not do credit to their popularity as men of fashion and men of the world. Men must take the lead in the march toward such regeneration, and women will be quick enough to follow.

"Nothing proves more ruinous to a State than the defective education of women," was a maxim of Aristotle's, and this is what the Russians have borne in mind of late. When we consider the comparative civilization of European countries, Russia is certainly far ahead in that one respect of women's development. The whole tone of Russian society is in favor of the intellectual woman, who has her opinion on politics, on literature, on art and who can hold her own reasonably and modestly; while, elsewhere, the woman who is pronounced to be clever is treated with something like dread, if not contempt; much wonder is expressed if she is well dressed; and, if the fates have gifted her with a fair share of beauty, a strong doubt arises as to her intellect.

Reappearance of an Old Plant.—The effect of light, regarded as the revival of life in the vegetable world, has just been illustrated by the observations near Athens of Professor Hendreich, under very curious circumstances. In the mines at Laurium, concerning which of late years there has been such active deplomatic procedures, consisting for the most part of the scoriæ, have lain in a dormant state, for at least one thousand five hundred years, the seeds of a kind of poppy of the genuine Glaucium. But since the scoriæ have been removed to the furnaces, this plant has sprung up with its pretty yellow petals over the whole space which they covered. Unknown in modern times, it was described by Pliny and Dioscorides, and had disappeared from the face of the globe for fifteen or more centuries.—*L'Union Medicale.*

Wood's Centennial Price List.

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REMNENTS—Muslin, 6 cts. yd.; Calico, 6 cts.; Clark's and Coates's best Spool Cotton, 6 cts.; Pins, 3 cts. paper.; Ladies and Gents Hose, 10 cts; High Back Combs, 12 cts; Pocket Books, 10 and 12 cts; Gents Fine Linen Bosom Shirts, $1; Collars, 5 cts. box; Lumbermen's Socks, 2 pair for 25 cts.; Ladies Linen Handkerchiefs, 7 cts; Best Braid 5 and 7 cts.; Men's Drawers and Undershirts, 40 cts.; Two-Blade Pocket Knife, 18cts.; Full line of Flags, Wholesale and Retail; New Designs of Floor Oil Cloth, 45 cts. yd; Large Market Basket, 75 cts.; Large Gum Blanket, 85 cts.; Hamburg Edgings at Wholesale Prices.

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Table Peaches, 3lb. cans, 20 cts.; Tomatoes, 2 cans for 25 cts.; Best brand Sugar Corn, 18 cts. can; Best French Prunes, 10 and 12 cts.; Turkey Prunes, 3 lbs. for 25 cts.; Sweet Corn, 5 cts. per lb.; Coffee, 18 cts. per lb.; Rio, 25 cts.; Good Black Tea, 35 cts per lb.; Splendid Tumblers, 50 cts. per doz.; Pepper, 7 cts. per ¼lb.; Toilet Soap, 3 and 4 cts.; Mackerel, 50 cts. per doz.; White Lead, 8½ cts. per lb.; New Orleans Molasses, 70 cts. per gal.; Japan Tea, 60 cts per lb.; Shoe Brushes, 15 cts. All goods warranted at and below city prices, for Cash. No Trust.

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SAMUEL VALE, aged 70, of Vinton, Ohio, came to us in December last, having a very large *encephaloid* cancer on the left side of the neck, its roots involving the tissues around and beneath the jugular vein, carotid artery and pneumo-gastric nerve. Several eminent surgeons concurred in the opinion that it could not be removed, and all pronounced it necessarily fatal, and even the "cancer doctors" who succeed in ordinary cases, refused to undertake so formidable a case. It was evident that the patient could not live many weeks, as the pressure on the blood vessels and nerve occasioned much difficulty of breathing, and rendered sound sleep impossible. A few applications of the remedy destroyed the entire cancerous mass, the roots coming out without the least injury to the blood vessels or nerve, and the cavity rapidly filled with healthy granulations.

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WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
PENN VALLEY, PA.
REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. The public are invited to give me a call. 12

SAMUEL W. SICKELS
MANUFACTURER OF LIGHT AND HEAVY
Wagons and Carriages,
Newtown, Pa.
REPAIRING AND PAINTING neatly done.
1089

SAMUEL GOSLIN,
DEALER IN
HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS,
Corn Shellers, Cutting Boxes, Sausage Cutters, &c.
I make my Sausage Cutter a specialty, believing it to cut more meat in the same time than any other Chopper for the same amount of money invested.
REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended t
Newportville, Bucks County, Pa. 93

J. S. THOMAS,
SUCCESSOR TO S. PIKE.
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

HARDWARE
AND
Iron Store.
One Price, and That the Lowest.

STEEL, IRON, NAILS, HORSE SHOES, BOLTS, LOCKS, FILES, AXES, SAWS, PLANES, HAMMERS, HACTHETS, AUGERS, BITS, GIMLETS, SCREWS, SHOVELS, SPADES, SCOOPS, FORKS, RAKES, HOES, MATTOCKS, PICKS, SIEVES, SADDLERY, KNIVES AND FORKS, SPOONS, POCKET KNIVES, BELLS, BRUSHES, CASTORS, HOOKS, POTS, KETTLES, PANS, BROILERS, CORN-CUTTERS, SCYTHES, CLOTHES WRINGERS, CHAINS, SCALES, GLASS, PUTTY, WEIGHTS, MEASURES, ROPES, MOULD BOARDS, SLEIGH BELLS, BOY'S SLEDS, SKATES, ICE CREEPERS, MEAT CLEAVERS, MEAT SAWS, TRAPS, MUZZLES, NOZZLES, COFFEE MILLS, CARDS, BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, WHIPS, SPURS, CANS, LANTERNS, CANDLE STICKS, SLAW CUTTERS,

And every conceivable article which should be kept in a Hardware Store.

We hope by strict attention to the interests of our customers, one price and that the lowest, marked in plain figures, to secure a fair share of the trade. 106

INFORMATION.
OPEN FOR INSPECTION AT THE STORE OF
M. A. WALMSLEY.
A Full Line of
DRY GOODS,
SUCH AS
Lot of Brown Dress Goods.
Lot of Lead Colored Dress Goods.
Lot of Lead Mix Dress Goods.
Lot of Anchor Bleached Muslin, 14c.
Lot of Wamsutta Bleached Muslin.
Lot of Sheeting—Bleached Muslin, 10 to 20c.
Lot of Sheeting—Unbleached " 10 to 18c.
Lot of Black and Second Mourning Calicoes.
Lot of Spring Calicoes, 7, 8, 9c.
Lot of Delaines, 12½, 13, 14c.

OUR NOTION STOCK is complete. We invite a visit from all to call and examine our stock before going elsewhere.

OUR GROCERY STOCK is second to none.

The above assortment is on exhibition at the store of M. A. WALMSLEY,
21 Corner of Mill and Radcliffe Sts.

JOHN F. KENEAGY,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
OILS, PERFUMERY,
Fancy Articles,
AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.
Prescriptions carefully compounded. 264

J. V. FOSTER,
NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,
DEALER IN
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.

A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.
COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
21

Groceries & Provisions.
A Child can Buy as Cheap as a Man.
GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,
At the Old Established
Grocery, Provision & Notion Store,
Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts.
Respectfully informs his friends that he still lives and is prepared to furnish his customers with good Groceries and Provisions which in quality and price will compare favorably with anything in the market. Also a good assortment of Notions, &c., on hand. FRUITS AND VEGETABLES in their season.
61

REMOVAL.
P. O. HUTCHINS
Would inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to the Corner of
Wood and Market Streets,
where he will continue to keep on hand an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, Dried and Canned Fruits; also Confectioneries and Notions, Tobacco and Cigars. Fruits and Vegetables in their season.
All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 20

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds.
Special inducements given cash customers. 28

J. H. SOOY,
Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions,
AND CANNED GOODS,
N. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, &c. All kinds of Fruits and Vegetables in Summer, at the lowest cash prices 1068

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 18

ADOLPH MITCHEL,
Dealer in
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Lock No. 2, on Canal,
BRISTOL, PA.
A general assortment of fine Groceries cheap for cash. Give us a call. 1030

New Market House,
BY
WILLIAM MICHENER,
Market Street between Pond and Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.
BEEF, MUTTON and VEAL, constantly on hand. 251

HENRY MORTON,
DEALER IN
Confectionery and Ice Cream,
Mill Street,
ADJOINING THE RAILROAD HOTEL.
BALLS, Fairs, Parties and Festivals furnished with Ice Cream at short notice, cheaper than the cheapest. Flowers of all kinds constantly on hand 1001

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD,
Bread, Pie and Fancy Cake
BAKER,
Foot of Bath Street, near Canal Bridge,
BRISTOL, PA.
BALLS, Parties, Fairs and Festivals, furnished with ICE CREAM and FANCY CAKES at short notice and on reasonable terms. WEDDING CAKES baked and iced to order. 981

A. K. HOFF'S
BREAD, PIE AND FANCY CAKE
BAKERY,
NO. 28 MILL STREET,
Second door above Cedar, BRISTOL, PA.
All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. 1025

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured for Five Cents per Yard;
AT
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 402

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST,
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
The finest and latest Styles of work for Ladies and Gents. FIRST CLASS BOOTS made a specialty. SOLE LEATHER and UPPERS of all descriptions constantly on hand and to be had at city prices.
Store at Corner Mill & Pond Sts.,
602 BRISTOL, PA.

M. GEAR,
Dealer in
Ladies', Misses and Children's
Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c.,
NO. 59 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
A general assortment of Shoes kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Mending promptly and neatly done. 156

JOSEPH SINGLEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
LAFAYETTE STREET,
Between Pond and Railroad, BRISTOL, PA.
Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. Patronage solicited. 1002

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